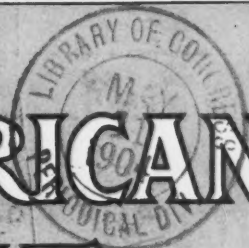


FOURTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE



10 CENTS A MONTH

MAY, 1904

\$1.00 A YEAR.

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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE COLORED RACE.



HON. T. THOMAS FORTUNE,
RED BANK, N. J.

See page 369.

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CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1904.

Frontispiece True Reformers' Grocery and Feed Store, Richmond, Va.
Boston as the Paradise of the Negro..... From the Boston Sunday Herald.
Illustrated.

An Interpretation (Poem) U. G. Wilson.
The American Negro Artisan Thomas J. Calloway.
Fully Illustrated.

"Heredity" (Poem) Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Industrial Education; Will It Solve the Negro Problem?
Answered by Dr. W. H. B. Dubois,
With Portrait.

The True Reformers (Concluded) Mr. W. P. Burrell, General Secretary.
Illustrated.

The Hour and The Man (Serial) Harriet Martineau.
A Trip to Paradise John C. Freund.
Illustrated.

Here and There

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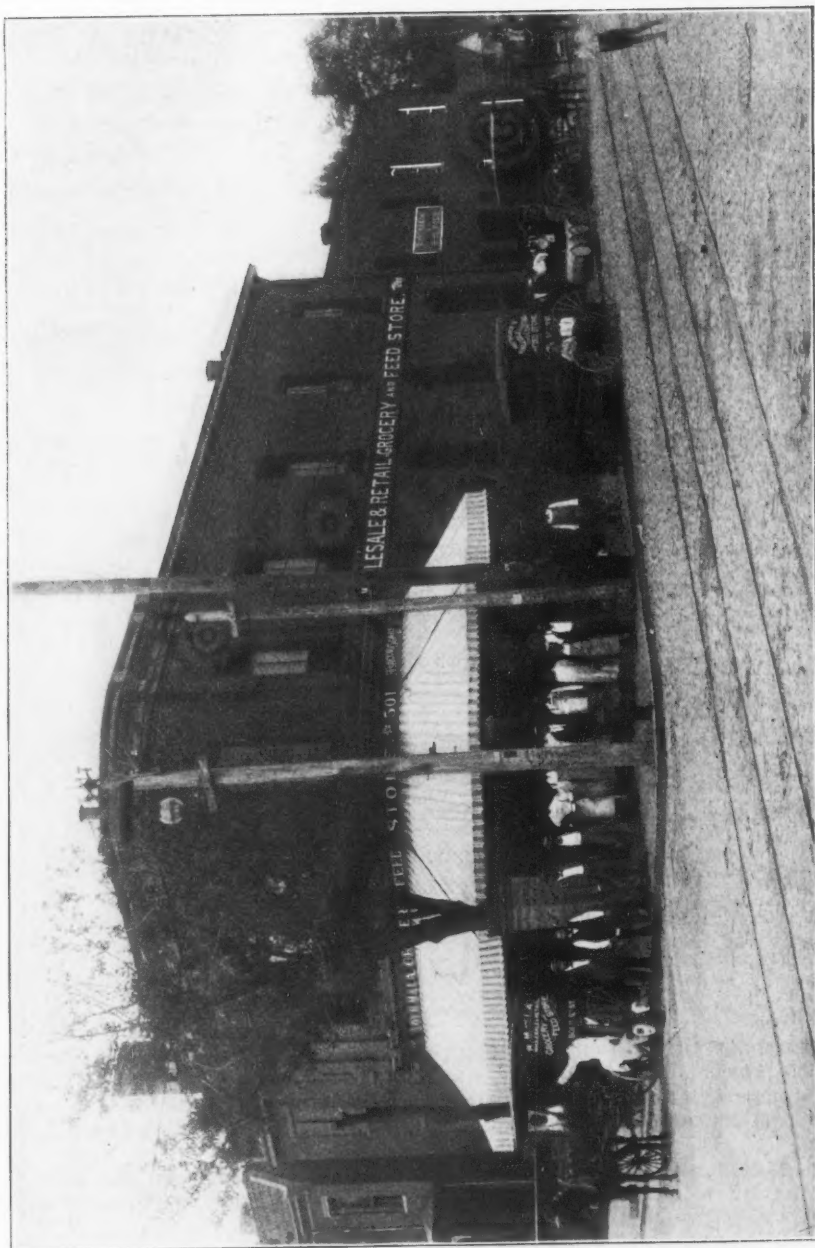
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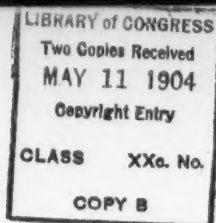
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See Page 340.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1904.

NO. 5.

BOSTON AS THE PARADISE OF THE NEGRO.

(From the Boston Sunday Herald).

“**H**ERE in Boston the Negro enjoys without doubt a larger liberty than anywhere else in the country.”—William H. Lewis, Assistant United States District Attorney.

“Boston is the paradise of the Negro.”—James H. Wolff, Senior Vice-Commander of the Department of Massachusetts of the Grand Army of the Republic.

“The sentiment of Boston toward the colored man is broader, more enlightened, and more Christian than that in other parts of the country.”—The Rev. Dr. J. M. Henderson, Pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of Charles St.

In Boston the Negro is secure in his suffrage. When he goes to the polls there is nobody awaiting him with chip on shoulder, ready to influence him not to exercise the inalienable privilege of the human person. There is no attempt to disfranchise any citizen because of his color. In Boston the Negro may attend the common schools and, without molestation, mingle with white children. He may go to college and spend four very enjoyable years. His color will not debar him from participation in the many diversions which exist there.

In Boston the Negro, provided he minds his own business—and the last holds good, of course, of any other citizen—may use the sidewalks and attract to himself no attention. He may drop into a drug store and purchase a soda, if he wishes; he may stand up to a public bar and receive precisely the service the white man gets; he may ride in any of the “L” cars, in any of the surface cars, in any public conveyance. In short, Boston offers him the same political, civil and educational privileges which it offers to the white man. More briefly still, Boston doesn’t draw distinctions. It has simply assimilated the Negro, and to-day it takes his presence as a matter of course. The white man expresses no dissatisfaction over the condition of affairs; the Negro, as Mr. Lewis, Mr. Wolff and the Rev. Mr. Henderson say, finds Boston comparatively heavenly. Therefore, in Boston there is no disturbing race problem.

It isn’t so much the amicable living together of two races—so to speak—as the amicable living together of individual beings, some white, some black, who mind their own individual affairs. It is true that the black people in Boston group in certain sections of the city, but this clannish spirit is constantly

weakening, and the colored members of the community are scattering all over the city. Formerly the Negro population lived in the West End; within the past fifteen years much of it has gone to the South End and to the suburbs; so that to-day a half-dozen wards know a considerable number of colored citizens. And they scatter in increasing numbers as individuals. They are becoming units along with individual white units. The colored man can meet his neighbor on his merits as an individual citizen—the race question happily being a problem elsewhere in the country—and, so long as he measures up to the ordinary standards of industry and respectability, he gets along very well. He is just an everyday citizen like any one else—and that is a condition of affairs in which there is some peace.

By the last census there were in Boston's population 11,591 Negroes, or about two per cent. In the West End there are about 3,000, in the South End about 5,000 and in Roxbury and scattering districts the remainder. You find them in the West End living on streets which were once the streets of fashion and culture in Boston.

MOST THICKLY SETTLED IN PHILLIPS STREET.

The colored people are most thickly settled in Phillips Street, which runs from Irving to West Cedar. How many live there one can only make wild guesses. Most of the houses on this thoroughfare are tenements, and are cut up into flats, so that many colored families live in a house of this type. Going through Phillips Street on a pleasant evening, one wonders how many persons live to the square inch. Joy, Fruit, West Cedar and Cambridge Streets absorb what are left of the 3,000 members of the colored population of the West End.

Cambridge Street, of all business streets in the city, looks most like a business thoroughfare of a Southern city. Out of every ten people you pass you will imagine, at least, that about eight of them are black. Therefore, on this street not a few shops kept by colored people, and many tenements over these stores are given entirely to colored families.

The exodus of Negroes to the South End followed the shifting thither of white families. It began in earnest about fifteen years ago, and has increased in proportion greatly during the past six or seven years. To-day they occupy some streets so numerous that certain sections of divisions 5 and 10 are known as "colored quarters." One notes the Negro settlements particularly on Pleasant, Porter, Kirkland, Winchester, Melrose, Knox, Church and Piedmont Streets. Then there are a great many respectable Negro families located in houses along Camden, Sawyer, Kendall, East Lenox, Buckingham, Claremont and Dartmouth Streets. It is very recent history—this occupation of Dartmouth Street to the south of the Boston & Albany bridge. Many very excellent homes of colored people are to be found in this neighborhood.

The movement of the Negroes from the West End has gained so much momentum that it has swept beyond the confines of the South End and has extended to a considerable distance into Roxbury. That district already has a very fair scattered colored population, and the indications point to further growth in the numbers. Notre Dame Street, in particular, can claim many colored residents.

What is the status of these people? It is not difficult to become cheerful in your view of the colored man in Boston. In the beginning, Boston, more than any



WM. H. LEWIS,
Assistant U. S. District Attorney.
Cambridge, Mass.

other place in the North, held out a helping hand to the Negro. So they came here in considerable numbers, and long ago Boston got used to their presence, and long ago the Negro got used to the possession of the ballot and of liberty.

Talk with prominent members of the race in Boston, and one will become optimistic. Three interviews, which follow, will illustrate admirably:

ENJOY THE LARGEST LIBERTY IN BOSTON.

Assistant United States District Attorney W. H. Lewis, the former Harvard centre rush, very courteously discussed the Negro in Boston. "You ask me," said he, "what is his status here. Well, I'm glad you limit it to Boston. The whole question——" he thought it

rather wearisome. "But in Boston I'll tell you this:

"The Negro enjoys, without doubt, a larger liberty here in Boston than anywhere else in this country. I do not believe that that liberty has ever been abused in the slightest degree. The Negro comes and goes on public conveyances and obtains entree into hotels, restaurants and theatres just as any other citizen, and his going and coming are hardly noticed. I have never known any decent, orderly and well-behaved Negro to have the slightest difficulty in exercising and enjoying all these civic privileges.

"As far as politics are concerned, I believe his ballot is as eagerly sought after by the Democrats as well as the Republican party. There is no race line in party politics in Boston, and while he

does not obtain all that he desires from either party, yet when the smallness of his vote is considered, he is fairly well represented in the distribution of party honors.

"The industrial status of the Negro in Boston is far from an ideal one. It is difficult to obtain positions in mercantile and business establishments, or to enter the ordinary trades and occupations. The general impression is that this condition is due solely to color. I am by no means satisfied that this is true, as I have seen a number of young white men, even college graduates, who have quite as hard a time here to get started in some business as any black boy.

"Socially, the Negro, as his talents and character and his means allow, enjoys a large measure of social equality, the sweet converse and intercourse between friends, neighbors and business associates. Negroes and others belong to the same churches, societies and clubs, and no one feels degraded by contact. The question of color and superiority do not determine a man's status in this community. The schools and colleges open wide their doors to the Negro, and every opportunity and every advantage is given him for the improvement of his mind and general culture."

JAMES H. WOLFF GIVES BOSTON THE PALM.

Vice-Commander James H. Wolff, of the department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., believes there is no place on earth like Boston. "The city," said he, "has always been a good place for the colored man. And to-day it is the paradise of the Negro. There is no place in the United States—nor in the world—where he is so well treated. Here he stands on precisely the same footing as the white man. No Negro in Boston has

the right to complain of anything, in so far as every-day life goes. Many years ago, the Hon. Frederick Douglass said to me:

"'Washington, sir, is the heaven of the colored man!'

"'It is,' said I, 'with due respect to you, Mr. Douglass, a political hell. But Boston—well, Boston gives us everything the white man has. The schools are open to our children, political suffrage is ours freely, and we have about



VICE-COMMANDER JAS. H. WOLFF,
Dept. of Mass. G. A. R.

everything we could desire. You cannot compare Washington with Boston. Never!"

Mr. Wolff, besides being one of the foremost Grand Army men in Boston, is a prominent lawyer and a public-spirited citizen. He comes in contact through both his legal practice and his Grand

Army interests with many people, white and colored. Of the 11,591 Negroes in Boston few, by reason of successful careers, environment, and intellectual powers, are better fitted to talk about "The Negro in Boston."

Mr. Wolff, personally, is a pleasant, affable and courteous gentleman, and in his nature there is no place for gloom and morbidness. To him the Negro question is no terror-inspiring, restless ghost. He is not pessimistic. He believes the colored race has unlimited opportunities to live happily in the North—in Boston, that is—and he has no doleful comments to express on the situation.

"Politically we are free," he said. "The Negro's position here is in nearly every respect decidedly good. No one interferes with our franchise—no one interferes with us when we go to vote. Educationally there are no causes for trouble; our children attend the public schools and receive just as much attention as any other children. Why, my oldest boy, now in his last year at Harvard College, was a lieutenant in his company at the Latin school, and another boy holds a similar rank in his company at the English high school.

"Socially, our relations with white people are extremely pleasant. I meet many prominent people in the course of a year, and I find them always courteous and agreeable. The respectable colored man wherever he goes in Boston finds other people ready to treat him fairly and decently. We have some very cultured members of our race, and they compare favorably with their fellow-citizens. Many Negroes have taken advantage of educational privileges and have become valued parts of the community. And this number is increasing."

CULTURE OF THE COLORED PEOPLE IN BOSTON.

"I often," said Mr. Wolff, "give this illustration of the culture of colored people in Boston. Suppose there gather in one drawing room of a house representative educated members of our folk; suppose in a nearby drawing-room gather representative members of Back Bay and Beacon Street culture. Let the lights be turned out, and you enter a room between the two drawing-rooms. In one of the latter you will hear the opera, the play, art, literature, and kindred intellectual subjects discussed, and you will hear French, German, Spanish and Italian spoken; in the other drawing room you will catch precisely the same conversation. And you will not be able to distinguish in which room the colored people are and in which room the Beacon Street people are!

"Industrially, the situation has some drawbacks. I fear that the attitude toward us in the stores and factories is not as liberal as it is in other respects. It may be that the unions are antagonistic—I don't know. But it has been rather hard for some of our people to get into certain lines of work. If, however, colored men were occupying important positions that question would solve itself.

"It is true that we are progressing somewhat in business life. Not a few members of our race own successful enterprises and enjoy the respect and esteem of all business people who know them.

"I may say that educationally, socially and in the matter of civic rights and privileges, the Negro in Boston has about everything that any other citizen has. If there is a drawback it comes politically—not in the matter of suffrage, but in preferments. Our people are



REV. DR. J. H. HENDERSON,
Boston, Mass.

given no recognition by the parties. I do not count appointments to the offices of messengers and the like; I mean positions of responsibility. We have had only one appointment from the state in recent years—that of Mr. Lewis, from the national government.

“So far as the colored man is concerned, the whole political phase has changed. The Negro voters, you see, vote intelligently for their convictions. You cannot lead them as a whole. They won’t vote that way. And I suppose the political powers recognize the situation, and do not think it necessary to go out of their way to get the colored vote. At all events, they give us nothing; in fact, do not recognize us. But on the whole, as I have said, Boston is the place for the colored man. There’s none better.”

HOW THE NEGRO IN THIS COUNTRY CAN BEST ADVANCE.

It was an extremely interesting talk which The “Herald” man had with the Rev. Dr. J. H. Henderson, pastor of the influential African Methodist Episcopal Church of Charles Street. It took place at the latter’s residence on Highland Street, Roxbury, which is the old William Lloyd Garrison homestead—and more particularly in Garrison’s study. This small rectangular-shaped room overlooks the rear of the estate, where the colored people of Boston plan some time to erect an addition to the house, and then to establish on this historic place a home for aged members of the race.

Mr. Henderson has some very interesting views on the Negro, and he explains them lucidly and forcibly. He believes for one thing that the granting of suffrage to the newly-freed slaves, without inquiring into their individual fitness for it, was a great mistake. He believes also that there are in the South many illiterate Negroes who form a festering mass, pulling down the better colored men in the country. He believes, too, that the barriers between the Southern man and the Negro, which are causing so much trouble, are the outgrowth of custom entirely; that between many Southern people and Negroes exist sympathies and affections of great strength and depth, and of far greater importance really than the so-called political and social barriers.

Yet he does not think for an instant that the Southern Negro—or any Negro—should be kept from trying to raise himself along the scale of civilization. He would treat the Negro not as a race, but as an individual. And he thinks colored people can best advance by

growing up as other people do—as individuals.

"I came to Boston last June," said he, "and have not had time to reach fixed conclusions, as I find things relating to the colored people different here from what I have found in all other leading cities of the North. There are many colored people in this city who have no personal reasons to think about such a thing as a race problem, and who are actually provoked when such a thing as a race problem is brought to their attention. These persons have grown up in New England, and in every motive and idea are homogeneous units among the myriads that go to make up the community. They are free from that peculiar state of self-consciousness which conditions external to himself have developed in almost every individual who knows that he is colored.

"I would say that so far as the class to which I refer is concerned there exists no race problem, except as it is forced upon them by the fact that the public mind associates them with the race that is fighting for its life. I do not want to be misunderstood. What I mean is this: had no colored people from the outside come to New England, there would be no disquietude here. The colored population of Boston increased fifty per cent. between the years 1890 and 1900. Most of those who have come into the city are strong and ambitious characters, and have ventured to try almost every sort of industrial door and have been quick to detect discriminations due to race prejudice, and have not been backward about making a noise.

"An evil that has come about in Boston is that present conditions have led the public to think of colored people as a race rather than to forget the accident of race descent and to think only of the

individual. As long as such a state of the public mind exists, the best colored man must share to a large extent the odium against his race which is provoked by the lower type that comes to notice."

MUST PUSH THEIR WAY TO THE FORE AS INDIVIDUALS.

"There is no possible danger of social disturbances between the self-respecting colored man of Boston and the self-respecting white man. The self-respecting colored man has not the least idea that the accident of race in any way affects his real character and, therefore, quietly, but most firmly, refrains from even the slightest appearance of intrusion upon those whom he believes despise his blood.

"So long as the curse of a certain kind of political leaders can be prevented, the colored citizen in Boston will be a power in politics and a wholesome factor in every good work. There is no class of the common people of this city who are more careful readers of the daily papers than are the colored people, and the vast majority have sound opinions upon public questions.

"The question of employment will settle itself the quickest and best if the individuals are left to push their way as individuals. Many colored men belong to the various trades unions of Boston, but none could easily gain membership if it were made a race issue.

"Lincoln closed his Chicago speech in reply to Douglas as follows: 'My friends, I have detained you about as long as I desired to do, and I have only to say, let us discard all this quibbling about this man and the other man, this race and that race, and the other race being inferior, and therefore they must be placed in an inferior position. Let us discard all these things and unite as one

people throughout this land until we shall once more stand up declaring that all men are created equal.'

"This is just the sentiment that the New England colored people have impressed me as holding."

MR. J. H. LEWIS.

Square dealing, hard work, and strict attention to business is the trinity of reasons for the success of one of the foremost of Boston business men, J. H. Lewis, tailor. To young men just launching into the business world, though they have heard such arguments again and again, it furnishes food for profound thought. Not merely as coming from a successful man, but as from one who set foot in this city without a dollar, and whose success was achieved absolutely by adherence to those principles which he laid down for himself thirty-two years ago.

Besides the lesson conveyed in those words, there is another, not less forceful. In last Sunday's Boston "Herald" appeared an article illustrative of the assertion that Boston is the best field for the rise of the colored man in the country. The article contained statements from representative Negroes and from their observation of conditions existing elsewhere as to the truth of the assertion. The men whose statements were printed in that article are professional men. Now, in addition to that there comes a frank statement from a representative business man who has enjoyed the same wide privileges offered in Boston, and who, with his own willing hands and aided by those conditions, has built up a great mercantile house.

An entire stranger, coming into a great metropolis, handicapped at every point by poverty and the newness of things, this man who now conducts a



MR. J. H. LEWIS,
Boston, Mass.

business estimated at \$100,000 a year, set out at once to build a clientele. He worked at the trade of tailoring five months, and then went into business for himself. With resources of how great a scope? A capital of \$93; no credit, and no influential friends. Nothing but the dogged determination to succeed; to succeed honestly, but to succeed.

"It was rough work at first," says Mr. Lewis, "and the path to fortune was uneven. This path to fortune is a strange path, anyway. Up to a certain point there are many travellers, and the road is pounded hard and smooth. Then the wayfarers drop by the wayside, one by one, or take the wrong crossroads, or are attracted by some easy seat in the shade. Where there are few travellers the road is rough; but he who makes his way over the obstacles presenting themselves here, is he who attains success. And he who meets those obstacles honestly, using his shoulder only at his own wheel, is he who can point to his success with pride."

Mr. Lewis was one of those to keep straight on. He did his own cutting and fitting for eight years, and then the reward came; his business outgrew him.

At first in a little place on Oak Street, he found it necessary to move to a better location and to larger quarters, and by adopting methods of cutting and fitting which seemed bizarre at first, later to command attention, he built up a business and a name that is known where men wear clothes.

For his sewing alone Mr. Lewis pays \$25,000 annually. In thirty-two years of business he has paid over \$100,000 in rent, and always on the day when due.

One word more, just to show the inner reason for this success. It was success built by honesty and fair dealing, not only to customers and other business

men, but to those who worked with him in the building. Here is what he says concerning that:

"I have never failed. Some men who started business at the same time as myself are now rich men, but I can recall that they have failed (some of them) several times, each time to the loss of their creditors. I have always paid 100 cents on the dollar. I have employed a good deal of labor, and I have seen that no man who worked for me ever went home on Saturday night without his pay; and sometimes it came hard, too."

That, according to Mr. Lewis, is the way to success.

AN INTERPRETATION.

U. G. WILSON.

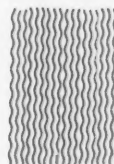
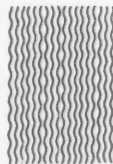
I hab ofttimes heard repeated
Dese here words once dark to me,
"We is jis' betwixt de debil,
An' de deep blue sea."

But I neber knowed de meanin'
Ob dem, 'til jis' here ob late,
When I heard dey's linchin niggers
In dat great old "Buckeye" state.

Now it use to be de custom
In de days ob long ago,
Dat a "nig" could get protecshum
In de state ob Ohio.

But dey lynch now in de "Buckeye"
Jis' de same as Tennessee,
So we's jis' betwixt de debil
An' de deep blue sea.

When we takes our "sufferin" troubles
To de nashum's co't sopreme,
Dere to git dat justice meted,
Dat hab bin our fondest dream,



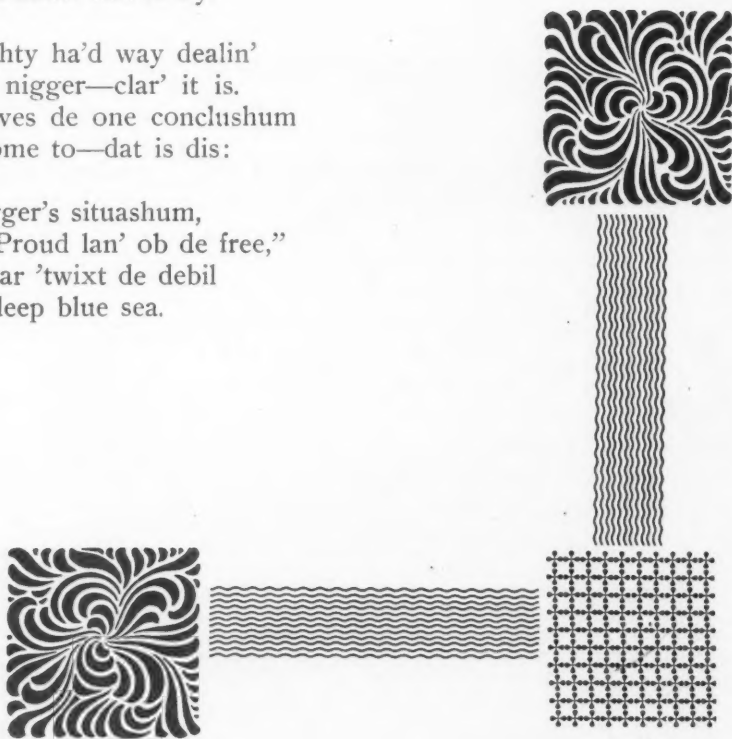
We is told by dat tribunum,
Wid politeness and good grace,
Dat dey's got no jurisdicshum,
None what ebber, in de case.

Som un says. "Go up to congress,
Whar der's back-bone in de men."
If der's any justice fo' you'
Yo'll be sho' to git it den.

When our troubles gits to congress,
Den de timid statesmens cry,
"'Tis de co'ts dat mus' decide 'em,
We's got udder fish to fry."

'Tis a mighty ha'd way dealin'
Wid de nigger—clar' it is.
But it proves de one conclushum
I hab come to—dat is dis:

Dat de nigger's situashum,
In dis "Proud lan' ob de free,"
Is somewhar 'twixt de debil
An' de deep blue sea.



THE AMERICAN NEGRO ARTISAN.*

BY THOMAS J. CALLOWAY.

WHETHER the artisans who built the pyramids of Egypt were Negroes or of Caucasian identity may not be well settled. Recent history is quite clear, however, that American Negroes, during slavery, developed marked mechanical skill, and in many cases, special inventive genius. Quite a large part of the mechanical work in the American Southern States before the Civil War was performed by slave artisans, these being valued much higher than ordinary farm hands and common laborers. This fact is so well known in the South that it has usually passed without comment; but Bruce, in his "Economic History of Virginia," makes the following reference to it:

"The county records of the seventeenth century reveal the presence of many Negro mechanics in the colony during that period, this being especially the case with carpenters and coopers. This was what might be expected. The slave was inferior in skill, but the ordinary mechanical needs of the plantation did not demand the highest aptitude. The fact that the African was a servant for life was an advantage covering many deficiencies; nevertheless, it is significant that the large slave-holders like Colonel Byrd and Colonel Fitzhugh should have gone to the inconvenience and expense of importing English handicraftsmen who were skilled in the very trades in which it is certain that several of the Negroes belonging to these planters had been specially trained. It shows the low estimate in which the planters held the knowledge of their slaves regarding the

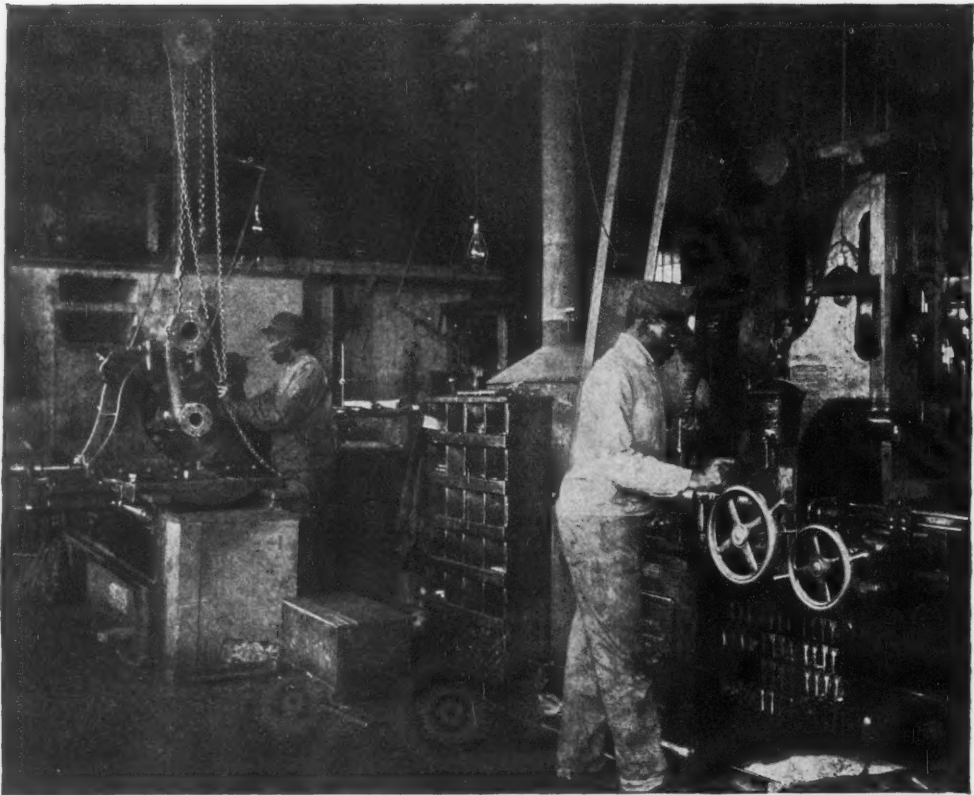
higher branches of mechanical work."

This historian might have added that the educational training that would have fitted the slaves for the higher grades of mechanical work would have unfitted them for their sphere of slavery. A somewhat different estimate of the Negro mechanic is held by ex-Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, who has said:

"Prior to the Civil War there were a large number of Negro mechanics in the Southern States; many of them were expert blacksmiths, wheelwrights, wagon-makers, brickmasons, carpenters, plasterers, painters, and shoemakers. They became masters of their respective trades by reason of sufficiently long service under the control and direction of expert white mechanics. During the existence of slavery the contract for qualifying the Negro as a mechanic was made between the owner and the master workman."

The slavery system of training mechanics, which is sufficiently described in the two references, produced a type of Negro artisan which served the plantation needs fairly well, and to some extent supplied town carpenters and village blacksmiths. With the passing of slavery, however, that type of artisan is also passing, and the question now arises as to what extent post-bellum Negroes are finding their way into the trades. In the first place, it must be said that the slave descendants have not shown any special aptitude for the mechanic arts. This fact is all the more noteworthy because emancipation found the race in a practical monopoly in the South of all forms of labor, and it is to

*From Cassier's Magazine, New York.



IN THE MACHINE SHOPS OF THE NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

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be regretted that some better form of leadership did not develop at that time so that the forty years past might have been more largely and beneficially utilized in holding the industrial foothold which the Negro has been so steadily losing. It may in the future appear that the political effort following enfranchisement was not in vain, but from the viewpoint of the present it looks very much as if the Negro had been repeating the experience of the Children of Israel who spent their forty years wandering in the wilderness.

Under conspicuous leadership, of which Booker T. Washington is the chief exponent, the colored people have had

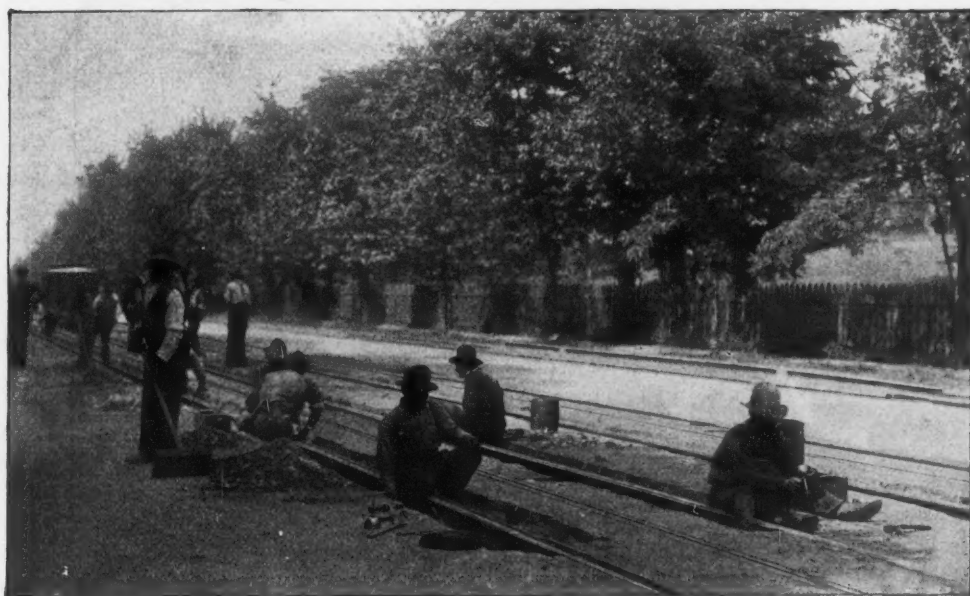
their attention directed to the urgent necessity of clinging to the industrial occupations. Then, too, the tremendous industrial growth of all sections of the United States has drawn into its service all forms of labor. While race prejudice has kept the Negro from some kinds of skilled labor, the greed for gold has forced him over the protest of prejudice into many of the trades.

There is an underlying trait of the African which enables the race to adjust itself to new conditions and environments, a trait that often leads him to become vicious when surrounded with vice just as easily as he becomes thrifty and progressive where the atmosphere in

which he is thrown is that of thrift and progress. In fact, it is believed that no other race responds so quickly to external influences, be they climatic, moral, educational or industrial. The varied influences reaching out to the Negro are already producing results that cause the future to look brighter for the race.

In the seventh bulletin of the Atlanta University Conferences, edited by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the events following

half-service freedom; the third class, the artisans, however, met peculiar conditions. They had always been used to working under the guardianship of a master, and even though that guardianship in some cases was but nominal, yet it was of the greatest value for protection. This soon became clear, as the freed Negro artisan set up business for himself. If there were a creditor to be sued, he could no longer bring suit in



NEGRO WORKMEN ON ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

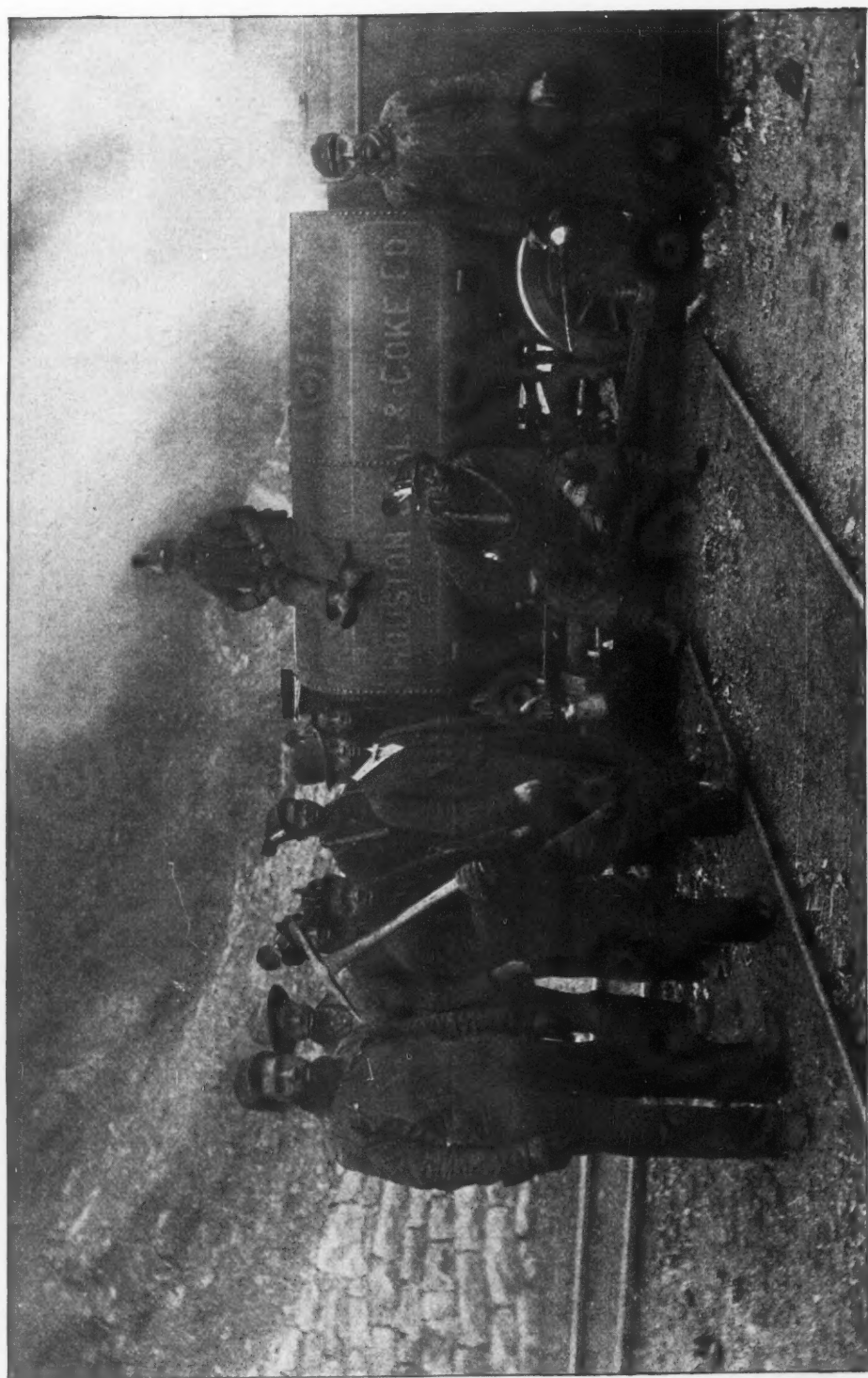
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emancipation are summed up very admirably. The editor says:

"After emancipation, in the midst of war and social upheaval, the first real economic question was the self-protection of freed workingmen. There were three classes of them: the agricultural laborers, chiefly in the country districts; the house servants in town and country; and the artisans who were rapidly migrating to town. The Freedmen's Bureau undertook the temporary guardianship of the first class; the second class easily passed from half-free service to

the name of an influential white master; if there were a contract to be had there was no responsible white patron to answer for the good performance of the work.

"Nevertheless, these differences were not strongly felt at first; the friendly patronage of the former master was often voluntarily given the freedman, and for some years following the war the Negro mechanic still held undisputed sway. Three occurrences, however, soon disturbed the situation:—the competition of white mechanics; the efforts of the



COLORED COAL MINERS AT ELKHORN, WEST VIRGINIA.

Negro for self-protection; and the new industrial development of the South.

"What the Negro mechanic needed, then, was social protection,—the protection of law and order, perfectly fair judicial processes, and that personal power which is in the hands of all modern laboring classes in civilized lands, viz., the right of suffrage. It has often been said that the freedman, throwing away his industrial opportunities after the war, gave his energies to politics and succeeded in alienating his friends and exasperating his enemies, and proving his inability to rule. It is, doubtless, true that the freedman laid too much stress upon the efficacy of political power in making a straight road to real freedom. And, undoubtedly too, a bad class of politicians, white and black, took advantage of this, and made the reconstruction Negro voter a hissing in the ears of the South.

"Notwithstanding this, the Negro was fundamentally right. If the whole class of mechanics here, as in the Middle Ages, had been without the suffrage and half free, the Negro would have had an equal chance with the white mechanic, and could have afforded to wait. But he saw himself coming more and more into competition with men who had the right to vote; the prestige of race and blood; the advantage of intimate relations with those acquainted with the market and the demand.

"The Negro saw clearly that his rise depended, to an important degree, upon his political power, and he, therefore, sought that power. In this seeking he failed primarily because of his own poor training, the uncompromising enmity and apprehensions of his white neighbors, and the selfishness and half-hearted measures of his emancipators. The result was that the black artisan entered the race heavily handicapped,—

the member of a proscribed class, with restricted rights and privileges, without political and social power."

Any views of the Negro artisan as such would be incomplete did they not include a consideration of the influence of his educational training since emancipation. With the dawn of freedom came the spelling book and the opportunity to acquire the three R's. A tremendous demand at once ensued for a corps of teachers, and salaries unusually large for colored men and women up to that time soon drew the attention of the brightest-minded from all other pursuits into the profession of instructing the youth of their race. The demand was so great that schools of higher training than the public schools were established all over the South for the proper equipment of teachers. The entire thought was given at first to the simple work of instilling the elements of literary learning, or, in other words, the higher schools aimed to instruct the students in the very studies they were called upon to teach later on in the public schools.

As an additional impetus to the young people to educate themselves in this simple way there was an underlying conviction that all toil with the hands was a badge of slavery beyond which it was the duty of ambitious youth to aspire. It was an idea of slavery that physical labor was the duty of the bondman. Hence we find the emancipated parents, who were themselves fairly well skilled in trades, making heroic struggles and sacrifices to the end that their children might have book learning, with a dim conviction that a knowledge of books was a royal pathway to all the desires of life. So long as the abnormal demand for teachers continued, the conviction was not without an apparent proof of its truthfulness.

A thorough student of race develop-



CHAPEL AT TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALA., BUILT BY NEGRO ARCHITECTS AND STUDENT ARTISANS.

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ment would have seen clearly that any permanent growth must have included the training for some special form of activity in life. In fact, a departure from the universal preparation for teaching had already shown itself in the way of schools of medicine, law, and theology, in which aspirants to become doctors, lawyers, and preachers were prepared.

That the educational trend following emancipation was the result of the intoxication of sudden manumission is made clear from the vain attempts by free colored people, as early as 1831, to establish trade schools where the free masses of their race might be equipped as artisans. Frederick Douglass, in

1853, led a formidable, but futile, effort to establish an industrial school. It was not, however, till the Hampton School, in Virginia, was established that industrial training for the Negro may be said to have had its beginning. General Armstrong opened the school at the close of hostilities between the North and the South, and struggled with it for many years before the marked success of the institution was finally reached.

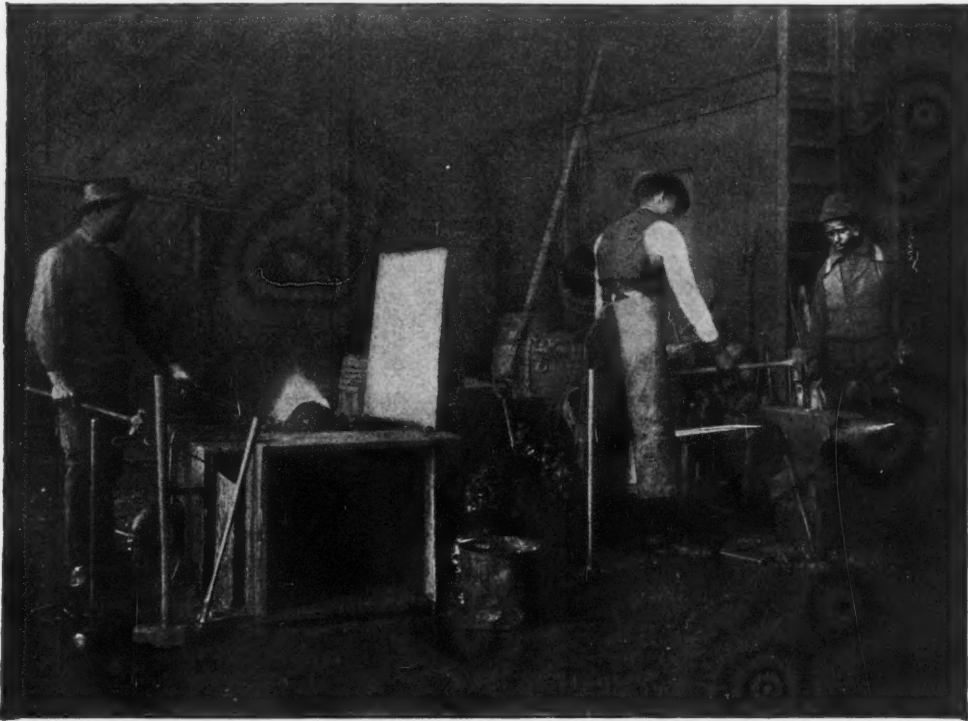
The principles of the institute were so thoroughly in harmony with common sense that it eventually won the hearty confidence and the material aid of philanthropists. In addition to the large number of its own graduates it has created a sentiment that has led to the es-

tablishment of many similar schools, one of which, the Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, has surpassed the parent school in point of numbers.

About one hundred such schools offer industrial courses. Only a modest proportion of these, however, may be said to be sufficiently equipped to do effective

being done in a lesser degree in many other places.

Industrial education, as the term has been generally employed in relation to Negro schools of the South, has meant a system of education serving not only to give the elements of academic learning, but likewise to train, in shop and



NEGRO BLACKSMITHS IN THE NEWPORT NEWS, VA., SHIPBUILDING YARDS.

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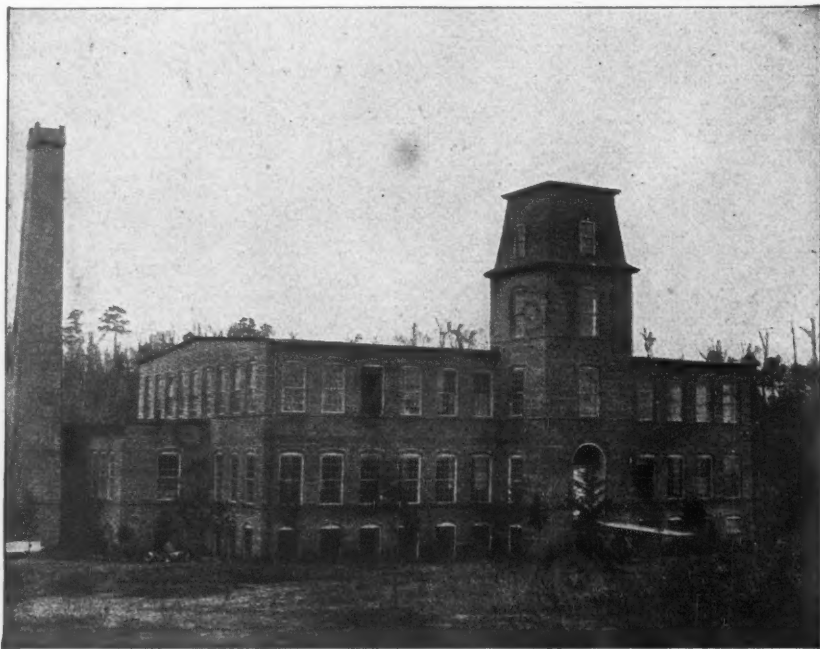
work in training graduates in any of the specialties set out. It would be difficult to select the most meritorious of these schools. A personal examination is pleasantly surprising in many instances in the case of schools of which little has been heard, and sadly disappointing in other cases where more was to have been expected. Without any attempt at an invidious comparison, it is believed that the large Hampton and Tuskegee schools are illustrating in their far-reaching spheres of influence what is

farm, young people who may fill the demands of the industrial world for skilled labor, be that labor agricultural, domestic, or manufacturing. Exponents and friends of the system have never claimed that the young people which it graduates can possibly be of that high degree of skill which results only from long application to a specialty; but the claim has been made, and, it is believed, proven by the results, that in an elemental and primary way the better-equipped industrial schools are fit-

ting a superior grade of artisans for the trades.

Each of the industrial schools gives instruction in all or a portion of the following trades:—agriculture, horticulture, carpentry, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, printing, painting, foundry and machine work, shoemaking, brick-laying, plastering, brick-making, saw-

that the industrial schools have sent out about a thousand actual artisans,—not enough to man a single large manufacturing plant. As representing an awakening process, these thousand graduates must be regarded not so much for the actual proportion they represent to the millions of their race, but their true estimate is that of the compressed yeast



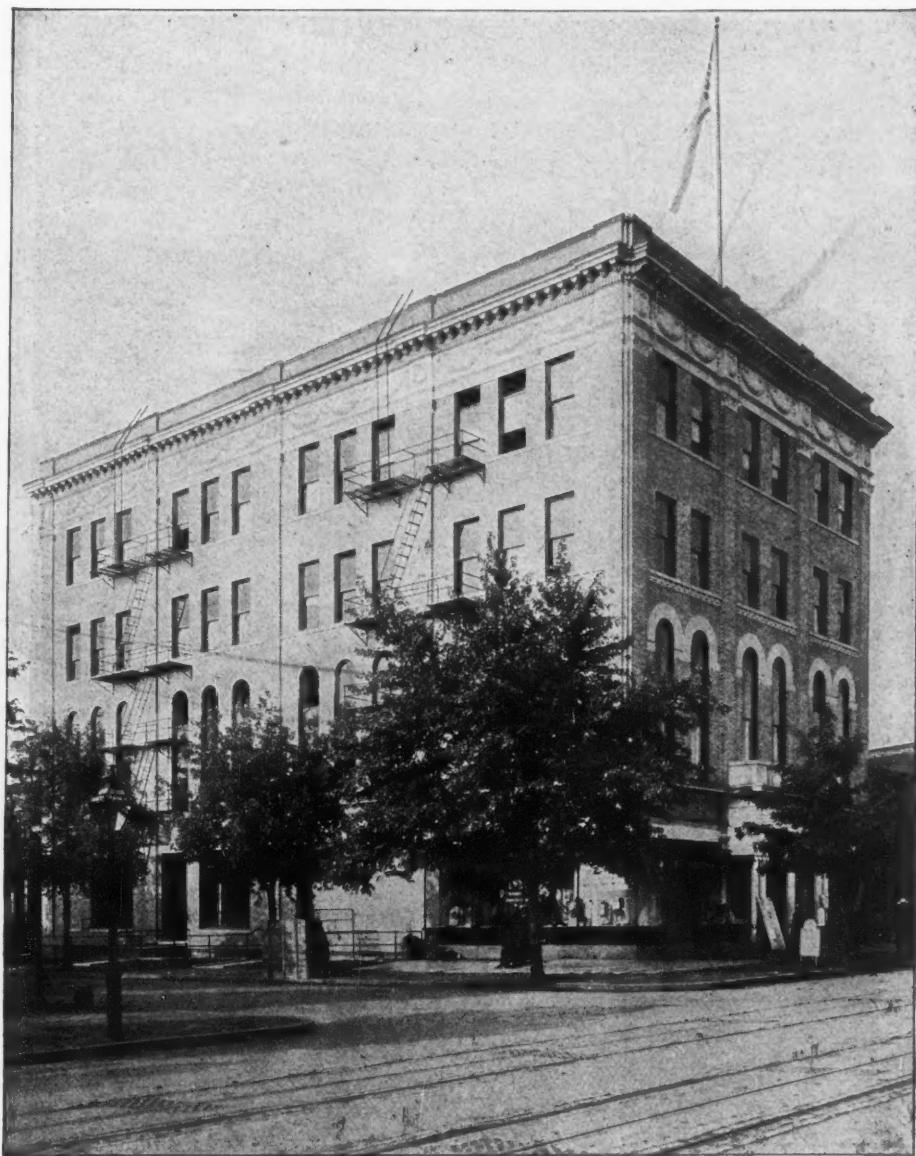
COTTON MILL AT CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, OWNED, BUILT AND OPERATED BY NEGROES.

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milling, tinning, harness-making, tailoring, plain sewing, dressmaking, millinery, cooking, laundering, nurse training, housekeeping, mechanical and architectural drawing, and perhaps others. The actual number of graduates from these schools who have entered into the trades is comparatively small, due to the greater demand for teachers and for persons to take other occupations for which a knowledge of the trades is a material aid. It has been estimated

cake which is leavening the infinitely greater race problems.

Having considered as fully as the plan here permits, the formative influences of slavery, politics and education upon the Negro artisan, it is proper now to consider the actual status of the Negro in the skilled industries. According to the United States Census of 1890, the distribution of bread-winning American Negroes was in the following occupations:



REFORMERS' HALL, DESIGNED BY A NEGRO ARCHITECT AND ERECTED
BY NEGRO CONTRACTORS AND MECHANICS.

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		* Per cent.			
Agriculture, fishing and mining	1,757,403	or 57	Trade and transportation	145,717	5
Domestic and personal service	963,080	31	Professional service ...	33,994	1
Manufacturing and mechanical industries ..	172,970	6	Taking the six per cent. of wage-earners found in manufacturing and mechanical industries, we find them, according to the same census, distributed		



A BROOM FACTORY WITH COLORED EMPLOYEES, AT RICHMOND, VA.

as follows, omitting those occupations containing less than one thousand:

Carpenters	22,318
Barbers	17,480
Saw-mill hands	17,230
Miners	15,809
Tobacco factory employees	15,004
Blacksmiths	10,762
Brick-makers	10,521
Masons	9,647
Engineers and firemen	7,662
Dressmakers	7,479
Iron and steel workers	5,790
Shoemakers	5,065
Mill and factory operatives	5,050
Painters	4,396
Plasterers	4,006
Quarrymen	3,198
Coopers	2,648
Butchers	2,510
Wood-workers	1,375
Tailors	1,280
Stone-cutters	1,279
Leather-curriers	1,099

The temptation is strong to pursue a further statistical view of the subject, but it is deemed more in harmony with the present discussion to make use of a special investigation carried out in connection with the Negro exhibit at the Paris Exposition of 1900. That exhibit was planned with a view to furnishing to Europeans a concise and carefully studied representation of life among American Negroes.

It was felt by the writer of this article, who was the agent in charge of the preparation and superintendence of that exhibit, that no phase of the Negro's life in America would so claim the attention of Europeans, as was afterwards proven, as his industrial status in the United States. Among other features, therefore, the effort was seriously made to present a narrative exhibit of the Negro artisan. To this end an expert made a

tour of inspection. The cities and towns visited were Atlanta and Augusta, in Georgia; Anniston, Hobson City, Pratt City and Birmingham, in Alabama; Chattanooga and Knoxville in Tennessee; Asheville, Charlotte, Concord, Greensboro and Durham in North Carolina; Columbia and Charleston in South Carolina; and Richmond, in Virginia. Fifty-seven manufacturing plants were visited, employing 7,244 colored males and 1,620 colored females.

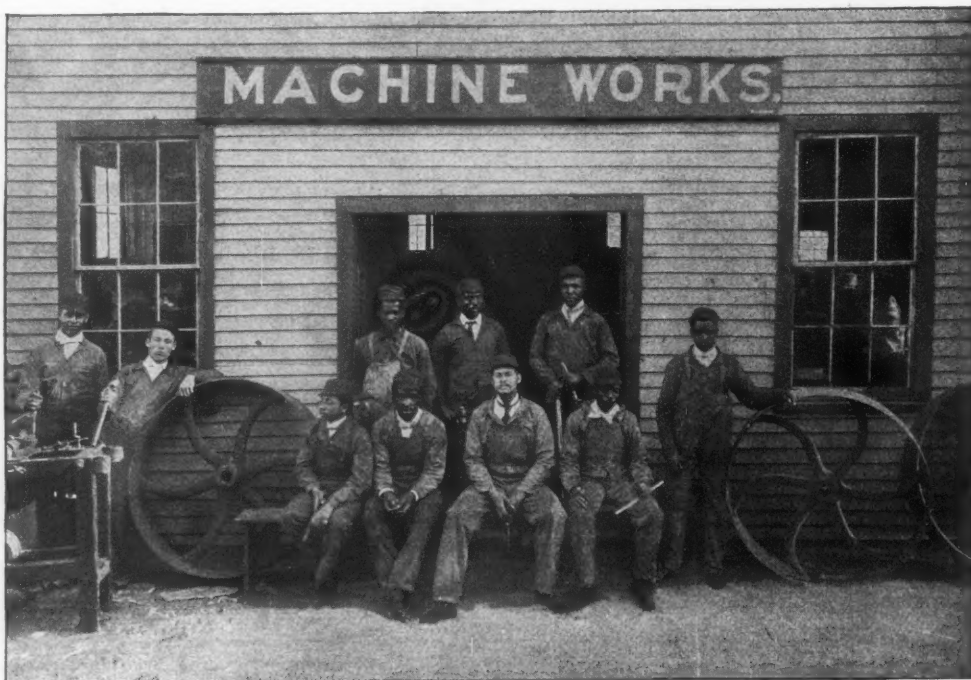
At Atlanta colored men were found doing skilled labor in the manufacture of fertilizers and chemicals, the making of bricks, as coopers, waggon and buggy makers, shoemakers, and as size mixers and cotton classers in the cotton mills. They were generally employed in all branches of the building trades. At Anniston and Birmingham, Ala., and vicinity many thousands were employed in the mines and in the production of coke, pig-iron and steel. Colored men were observed to be holding the responsible positions of foremen, cupola men, furnace keepers, and iron graders. At Knoxville, Chattanooga, Richmond, and indeed at all the places visited, Negroes were employed as blacksmiths, blacksmiths' helpers, machinists' helpers, moulders, puddlers, rollers, roughers, catchers, furnace men, and boiler-makers. At Knoxville, Tenn., hundreds of Negroes were employed in cutting, shaping and polishing "Tennessee marble,"—a work requiring close attention and considerable skill. In the various places visited in North Carolina and Virginia colored men were engaged in tanneries and tobacco factories; and throughout the South they are almost entirely used in the cotton-seed oil mills.

Interesting and valuable statistics were gathered during the tour of inspection, but it is believed that the following signed letters from some of the factories

visited will prove of special interest:

"As general manager of the Evans Marble Company I have been employing colored men for the past twelve years, and have found them steady, reliable, and always to be depended upon. My experience with them as laborers has been that, under proper treatment, they give the best satisfaction, are willing, contented, and rarely strike or join labor unions, and that with proper instruction they show great capability in marble finishing and the different processes thereof, such as bed rubbing, polishing, both manual and by machine, and in manipulating machinery for cutting and preparing marble to be polished, all of which requires close attention and considerable skill and experience.—J. E. Willard, Supt., Evans Marble Co., Knoxville, Tenn."

"In answer to your letter of the 12th inst. we take pleasure in saying that for nearly fifty years we have employed Negroes at these works in many occupations requiring skill and intelligence, with results eminently satisfactory. Two of the best blacksmiths we ever had were Negroes. Another Negro was for many years in charge of the air furnace in which we melted pig iron for heavy guns. In the rolling mills we have had, and still have, excellent rollers, charged with responsibility for trains of rolls and their product, heaters' helpers, roughers, catchers, and straighteners of this race. Negroes are also employed in punching fish bars and regulating our water wheels. In the foundry all our cupolas are manned by Negroes. We may add that our relations with our Negro workmen have always been pleasant.—Archer Anderson, President, The Tredegar Iron Co., Richmond, Va."



A GROUP OF ALABAMA NEGRO MACHINISTS.

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"Our company have worked Negroes in about all our departments since the year 1881. We found considerable trouble in teaching them to do professional work, and it cost us a very large amount of money to instruct them. We find, however, that since they have been properly taught they give equally as good service as the white labor.

"We have had them employed as puddlers, heaters, rollers, roughers, and, in fact, have tried them in all departments of our works. We manufacture bar iron in its various forms, and, as stated before, we find that a colored man gives equally good service and is really more adapted to the climate than the white labor of the North.—T. I. Stephenson, V. P. and G. M., Knoxville Iron Co., Tennessee."

"The Richmond stemmery of the American Tobacco Company employs 1,000 Negroes for stemming tobacco, whose wages are \$4.50 per week. For the class of work for which we employ them there is no other help in the world as good.—T. J. Walker, Richmond, Va."

"We employ almost exclusively colored laborers, who take up the work from the stage that requires very little skill up to the finishing point, where it does require some degree of skill and experience. Our experience with this labor has been very satisfactory indeed.—R. S. Bosher, Treas., T. C. Williams Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va."

Noteworthy examples are not wanting of individuals and enterprises that fully illustrate the upward strivings of the Negro in mechanics. The Coleman Manufacturing Company is a capitalized corporation composed of colored stockholders, and is managed by a board of directors of the same race, of whom Warren C. Coleman, an ex-slave, is the

president and general manager, as well as the largest stockholder. The company has built, equipped and is conducting a cotton mill at Concord, N. C. As race pride and race improvement were the moving spirits in the enterprise, a special effort was made to employ Negro mechanics in all features of the construction and operation. The architect, the brick-makers and masons, the carpenters and the factory employees now engaged in turning out a fair grade of cotton goods, sheetings, etc., are all colored.

"Reformers' Hall," a business building, containing a theatre, office rooms, an armory, etc., has just been completed in the heart of Washington, D. C., at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars, by an architect, J. A. Lankford, contractors and mechanics, all of the Negro race. The building is finely appointed and thoroughly modern.

R. R. Taylor, instructor in mechanical and architectural drawing at the Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, and the architect of the numerous buildings of that institution, is probably the best equipped in training and experience of any Negro architect in the United States. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology several years ago, and has designed a score or more of the buildings for the Tuskegee school, ranging in value from \$50,000 downward. A chapel seating 2,000 persons and a Carnegie library are his best designs.

The United States Patent Office was able to identify in 1900, through correspondence with patent attorneys, 357 patents issued to Negroes. Probably as many more existed which could not be identified, inasmuch as the color or race of the patentee does not enter into the application. This appears the more probable for the reason that 126 of the

patents, or more than a third of the total number discovered, were issued in the five years immediately preceding the year 1900. The inventions are of a great variety of subjects, and while the number is not large, they are sufficient to show that the Negro artisan, in common with other American mechanics, is contributing a portion to the remarkable growth of the United States.

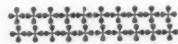
Allowing for the recent emancipation of his body and the dense thralldom of ignorance in which chattel slavery left him, from which he is even now but half free, it is believed that the thoughtful "captains of industry" will see in the Negro artisan a mine of valuable and reliable labor that is well worth their efforts to exploit.



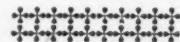
"HEREDITY."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I care not who was vicious back of me,
No shadow of their sins on me is shed,
My will is greater than heredity—
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.



My face, my form, my gestures, and my
voice
May be reflections from a race that
was,
But this I know—and knowing it, re-
joice,
I am myself—a part of the Great
Cause.



I am a spirit! spirit would suffice
If rightly used, to set a chained world
free,
Am I not stronger than a mortal vice
That crawls the length of some ances-
tral tree?

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION—WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

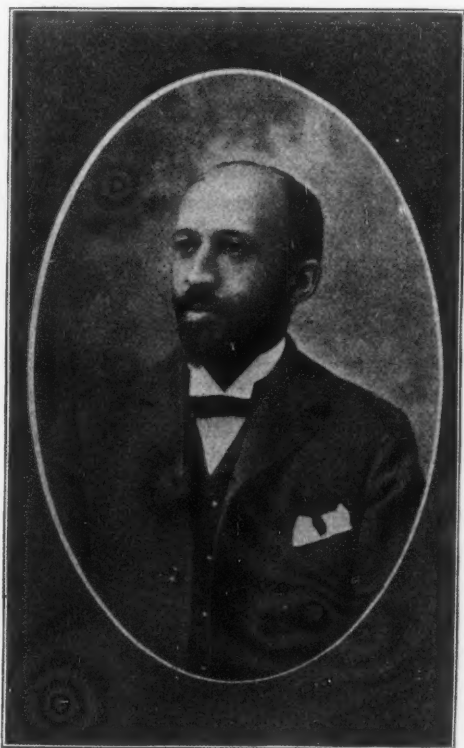


ANSWERED EACH MONTH BY THE GREATEST THINKERS OF THE BLACK RACE

VII.

*THE TRAINING OF NEGROES FOR SOCIAL POWER.**

PROF. W. E. B. DUBOIS.



PROF. W. E. B. DUBOIS,
Atlanta, Ga.

THE responsibility for their own social regeneration ought to be placed largely upon the shoulders of the Negro people. But such responsibility must carry with it a grant of power; responsibility without power is a mockery and a farce. If, therefore, the American people are sincerely anxious that the Negro shall put forth his best efforts to help himself, they must see to it that he is not deprived of the freedom and power to strive. The responsibility for dispelling their own ignorance implies that the power to overcome ignorance is to be placed in black men's hands; the lessening of poverty calls for the power of effective work, and one responsibility for lessening crime calls for control over social forces which produce crime.

Such social power means, assuredly, the growth of initiative among Negroes, the spread of independent thought, the expanding consciousness of manhood; and these things to-day are looked upon by many with apprehension and distrust, and there is systematic and determined effort to avoid this inevitable corollary of the fixing of social responsibility. Men openly declare their design to train these millions as a subject caste, as men to be thought for, but not to think; to be led, but not to lead themselves.

Those who advocate these things forget that such a solution flings them

*Kindness of "The Outlook."

squarely on the other horn of the dilemma; such a subject child-race could never be held accountable for its own misdeeds and shortcomings; its ignorance would be part of the nation's design, its poverty would arise partly from the direct oppression of the strong and partly from thriftlessness which such oppression breeds; and, above all, its crime would be the legitimate child of that lack of self-respect which caste systems engender. Such a solution of the Negro problem is not one which the saner sense of the nation for a moment contemplates; it is utterly foreign to American institutions, and is unthinkable as a future for any self-respecting race of men. The sound afterthought of the American people must come to realize that the responsibility for dispelling ignorance and poverty and uprooting crime among Negroes cannot be put upon their own shoulders unless they are given such independent leadership in intelligence, skill, and morality as will inevitably lead to an independent manhood which cannot and will not rest in bonds.

Let me illustrate my meaning particularly in the matter of educating Negro youth.

The Negro problem, it has often been said, is largely a problem of ignorance—not simply of illiteracy, but a deeper ignorance of the world and its ways, of the thought and experience of men; an ignorance of self and the possibilities of human souls. This can be gotten rid of only by training; and primarily such training must take the form of that sort of social leadership which we call education. To apply such leadership to themselves, and to profit by it, means that Negroes would have among themselves men of careful training and broad culture, as teachers and teachers of teachers. There are always periods of educational evolution when it is deemed

proper for pupils in the fourth reader to teach those in the third. Such a method, wasteful and ineffective at all times, is peculiarly dangerous when ignorance is widespread and when there are few homes and public institutions to supplement the work of the school. It is, therefore, of crying necessity among Negroes that the heads of their educational system—the teachers in the normal schools, the heads of high schools, the principals of public systems, should be unusually well-trained men; men trained not simply in common-school branches, not simply in the technique of school management and normal methods, but trained beyond this, broadly and carefully, into the meaning of the age whose civilization it is their peculiar duty to interpret to the youth of a new race, to the minds of untrained people. Such educational leaders should be prepared by long and rigorous courses of study similar to those which the world over have been designed to strengthen the intellectual powers, fortify character, and facilitate the transmission from age to age of the stores of the world's knowledge.

Not all men—indeed, not the majority of men, only the exceptional few among American Negroes or among any other people—are adapted to this higher training, as, indeed, only the exceptional few are adapted to higher training in any line; but the significance of such men is not to be measured by their numbers, but rather by the numbers of their pupils and followers who are destined to see the world through their eyes, hear it through their trained ears, and speak to it through the music of their words.

Such men, teachers of teachers and leaders of the untaught, Atlanta University and similar colleges seek to train. We seek to do our work thoroughly and carefully. We have no predilections or prejudices as to particular studies or

methods, but we do cling to those time-honored sorts of discipline which the experience of the world has long since proven to be of especial value. We sift as carefully as possible the student material which offers itself, and we try by every conscientious method to give to students who have character and ability such years of discipline as shall make them stronger, keener, and better for their peculiar mission. The history of civilization seems to prove that no group or nation which seeks advancement and true development can despise or neglect the power of well-trained minds; and this power of intellectual leadership must be given to the talented tenth among American Negroes before this race can seriously be asked to assume the responsibility of dispelling its own ignorance. Upon the foundation-stone of a few well-equipped Negro colleges of high and honest standards can be built a proper system of free common schools in the South for the masses of the Negro people; any attempt to found a system of public schools on anything less than this—no narrow ideals, limited or merely technical training—is to call blind leaders for the blind.

The very first step toward the settlement of the Negro problem is the spread of intelligence. The first step toward wider intelligence is a free public-school system; and the first and most important step toward a public-school system is the equipment and adequate support of a sufficient number of Negro colleges. These are first steps, and they involve great movements: first, the best of the existent colleges must not be abandoned to slow atrophy and death, as the tendency is to-day; secondly, systematic attempt must be made to organize secondary education. Below the colleges and connected with them must come the normal and high schools, judiciously dis-

tributed and carefully manned. In no essential particular should this system of common and secondary schools differ from educational systems the world over. Their chief function is the quickening and training of human intelligence; they can do much in the teaching of morals and manners incidentally, but they cannot and ought not to replace the home as the chief moral teacher; they can teach valuable lessons as to the meaning of work in the world, but they cannot replace technical schools and apprenticeship in actual life, which are the real schools of work. Manual training can and ought to be used in these schools, but as a means and not as an end—to quicken intelligence and self-knowledge and not to teach carpentry; just as arithmetic is used to train minds and not to make skilled accountants.

Whence, now, is the money coming for this educational system? For the common schools the support should come from local communities, the State governments, and the United States Government; for secondary education, support should come from local and State governments and private philanthropy; for the colleges, from private philanthropy and the United States Government. I make no apology for bringing the United States Government in thus conspicuously. The General Government must give aid to Southern education if illiteracy and ignorance are to cease threatening the very foundations of civilization within any reasonable time. Aid to common-school education could be appropriated to the different States on the basis of illiteracy. The fund could be administered by State officials, and the results and needs reported upon by United States educational inspectors under the Bureau of Education. The States could easily distribute the funds so as to encourage local taxation and

enterprise and not result in pauperizing the communities. As to higher training, it must be remembered that the cost of a single battle-ship like the "Massachusetts" would endow all the distinctively college work necessary for Negroes during the next half-century; and it is without doubt true that the unpaid balance from bounties withheld from Negroes in the Civil War would, with interest, easily supply this sum.

But spread of intelligence alone will not solve the Negro problem. If this problem is largely a question of ignorance, it is also scarcely less a problem of poverty. If Negroes are to assume the responsibility of raising the standards of living among themselves, the power of intelligent work and leadership toward proper industrial ideals must be placed in their hands. Economic efficiency depends on intelligence; skill, and thrift. The public-school system is designed to furnish the necessary intelligence for the ordinary worker, the secondary school for the more gifted workers, and the college for the exceptional few. Technical knowledge and manual dexterity in learning branches of the world's work are taught by industrial and trade schools, and such schools are of prime importance in the training of colored children. Trade-teaching cannot be effectively combined with the work of the common schools because the primary curriculum is already too crowded, and thorough common-school training should precede trade-teaching. It is, however, quite possible to combine some of the work of the secondary schools with purely technical training, the necessary limitations being matters of time and cost: the question whether the boy can afford to stay in school long enough to add parts of a high-school course to the trade course, and particularly the question whether the school can afford or

ought to afford to give trade-training to high-school students who do not intend to become artisans. A system of trade-schools, therefore, supported by State and private aid, should be added to the secondary school system.

An industrial school, however, does not merely teach technique. It is also a school—a center of moral influence and of mental discipline. As such it has peculiar problems in securing the proper teaching force. It demands broadly trained men: the teacher of carpentry must be more than a carpenter, and the teacher of the domestic arts more than a cook; for such teachers must instruct, not simply in manual dexterity, but in mental quickness and moral habits. In other words, they must be teachers as well as artisans. It thus happens that college-bred men and men from other higher schools have always been in demand in technical schools, and it has been the high privilege of Atlanta University to furnish during the thirty-six years of its existence a part of the teaching force of nearly every Negro industrial school in the United States, and to-day our graduates are teaching in more than twenty such institutions. The same might be said of Fisk University and other higher schools. If the college graduates were to-day withdrawn from the teaching force of the chief Negro industrial schools, nearly every one of them would have to close its doors. These facts are forgotten by such advocates of industrial training as oppose the higher schools. Strong as the argument for industrial schools is—and its strength is undeniable—its cogency simply increases the urgency of the plea for higher training-schools and colleges to furnish broadly educated teachers.

But intelligence and skill alone will not solve the Southern problem of poverty. With these must go that combina-

tion of homely habits and virtues which we may loosely call thrift. Something of thrift may be taught in school, more must be taught at home; but both these agencies are helpless when organized economic society denies to workers the just reward of thrift and efficiency. And this has been true of black laborers in the South from the time of slavery down through the scandal of the Freedmen's Bank to the peonage and crop-lien system of to-day. If the Southern Negro is shiftless, it is primarily because over large areas a shiftless Negro can get on in the world about as well as an industrious black man. This is not universally true in the South, but it is true to so large an extent as to discourage striving in precisely that class of Negroes who most need encouragement. What is the remedy? Intelligence—not simply the ability to read and write or to sew—but the intelligence of a society permeated by that larger vision of life and broader tolerance which are fostered by the college and university. Not that all men must be college-bred, but that some men, black and white, must be, to leaven the ideals of the lump. Can any serious student of the economic South doubt that this to-day is her crying need?

Ignorance and poverty are the vastest of the Negro problems. But to these later years have added a third—the problem of Negro crime. That a great problem of social morality must have become eventually the central problem of emancipation is as clear as day to any student of history. In its grosser form as a problem of serious crime it is already upon us. Of course it is false and silly to represent that white women in the South are in daily danger of black assaults. On the contrary, white womanhood in the South is absolutely safe in the hands of ninety-five per cent. of the black men—ten times safer than black

womanhood is in the hands of white men. Nevertheless, there is a large and dangerous class of Negro criminals, paupers, and outcasts. The existence and growth of such a class, far from causing surprise, should be recognized as the natural result of that social disease called the Negro problem; nearly every untoward circumstance known to human experience has united to increase Negro crime: the slavery of the past, the sudden emancipation, the narrowing of economic opportunity, the lawless environment of wide regions, the stifling of natural ambition, the curtailment of political privilege, the disregard of the sanctity of black men's homes, and, above all, a system of treatment for criminals calculated to breed crime far faster than all other available agencies could repress it. Such a combination of circumstances is as sure to increase the numbers of the vicious and outcast as the rain is to wet the earth. The phenomenon calls for no delicately drawn theories of race differences; it is a plain case of cause and effect.

But, plain as the causes may be, the results are just as deplorable, and repeatedly to-day the criticism is made that Negroes do not recognize sufficiently their responsibility in this matter. Such critics forget how little power to-day Negroes have over their own lower classes. Before the black murderer who strikes his victim to-day, the average black man stands far more helpless than the average white, and, too, suffers ten times more from the effects of the deed. The white man has political power, accumulated wealth, and knowledge of social forces; the black man is practically disfranchised, poor, and unable to discriminate between the criminal and the martyr. The Negro needs the defense of the ballot, the conserving power of property, and, above all, the

ability to cope intelligently with such vast questions of social regeneration and moral reform as confront him. If social reform among Negroes be without organization or trained leadership from within, if the administration of law is always for the avenging of the white victim and seldom for the reformation of the black criminal, if ignorant black men misunderstand the functions of government because they have had no decent instruction, and intelligent black men are denied a voice in government because they are black—under such circumstances to hold Negroes responsible for the suppression of crime among themselves is the cruellest of mockeries.

On the other hand, a sincere desire among the American people to help the Negroes undertake their own social regeneration means, first, that the Negro be given the ballot on the same terms as other men, to protect him against injustice and to safeguard his interests in the administration of law; secondly, that through education and social organization he be trained to work, and save, and earn a decent living. But these are not all: wealth is not the only thing worth accumulating; experience and knowledge can be accumulated and handed down, and no people can be truly rich without them. Can the Negro do without these? Can this training in work and thrift be truly effective without the guidance of trained intelligence and deep knowledge—without that same efficiency which has enabled modern peoples to grapple so successfully with the problems of the Submerged Tenth? There must surely be among Negro leaders the philanthropic impulse, the uprightness of character and strength of purpose, but there must be more than these; philanthropy and purpose among blacks as well as among whites must be guided and curbed by knowledge and

mental discipline—knowledge of the forces of civilization that make for survival, ability to organize and guide those forces, and realization of the true meaning of those broader ideals of human betterment which may in time bring heaven and earth a little nearer. This is social power—it is gotten in many ways—by experience, by social contact, by what we loosely call the chances of life. But the systematic method of acquiring and imparting it is by the training of youth to thought, power, and knowledge in the school and college. And that group of people whose mental grasp is by heredity weakest, and whose knowledge of the past is for historic reasons most imperfect, that group is the very one which needs above all, for the talented of its youth, this severe and careful course of training; especially if they are expected to take immediate part in modern competitive life, if they are to hasten the slower courses of human development, and if the responsibility for this is to be in their own hands.

Three things American slavery gave the Negro—the habit of work, the English language, and the Christian religion; but one priceless thing it debauched, destroyed, and took from him, and that was the organized home. For the sake of intelligence and thrift, for the sake of work and morality, this home-life must be restored and regenerated with newer ideals. How? The normal method would be by actual contact with a higher home-life among his neighbors, but this method the social separation of white and black precludes. A proposed method is by schools of domestic arts, but, valuable as these are, they are but subsidiary aids to the establishment of homes; for real homes are primarily centers of ideals and teaching and only incidentally centers of cooking. The restoration and raising of home

ideals must, then, come from social life among Negroes themselves; and does that social life need no leadership? It needs the best possible leadership of pure hearts and trained heads, the highest leadership of carefully trained men.

Such are the arguments for the Negro college, and such is the work that Atlanta University and a few similar institutions seek to do. We believe that a rationally arranged college course of study for men and women able to pursue it is the best and only method of putting into the world Negroes with ability to use the social forces of their race so as to stamp out crime, strengthen the home, eliminate degenerates, and inspire and encourage the higher tendencies of the race not only in thought and aspiration, but in every-day toil. And we believe this, not simply because we have argued that such training ought to have these effects, or merely because we hope for such results in some dim future, but because already for years we have seen in the work of our graduates precisely such results as I have mentioned: successful teachers of teachers, intelligent and upright ministers, skilled physicians, principals of industrial school, business men, and, above all, makers of model homes and leaders of social groups, out from which radiate subtle but tangible forces of uplift and inspiration. The proof of this lies scattered in every State of the South, and, above all, in the half-unwilling testimony of men disposed to decry our work.

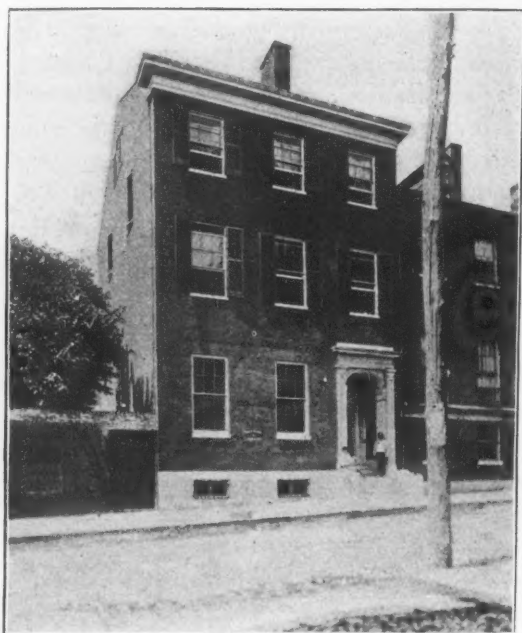
Between the Negro college and industrial school there are the strongest grounds for co-operation and unity. It is not a matter of mere emphasis, for we would be glad to see ten industrial

schools to every college. It is not a fact that there are to-day too few Negro colleges, but rather that there are too many institutions attempting to do college work. But the danger lies in the fact that the best of the Negro colleges are poorly equipped, and are to-day losing support and countenance, and that, unless the nation awakens to its duty, ten years will see the annihilation of higher Negro training in the South. We need a few strong, well-equipped Negro colleges, and we need them now, not to-morrow; unless we can have them and have them decently supported, Negro education in the South, both common-school and the industrial, is doomed to failure, and the forces of social regeneration will be fatally weakened, for the college to-day among Negroes is, just as truly as it was yesterday among whites, the beginning and not the end of human training, the foundation and not the capstone of popular education.

Strange, is it not, my brothers, how often in America those great watchwords of human energy—"Be strong!" "Know thyself!" "Hitch your wagon to a star!"—how often these die away into dim whispers when we face these seething millions of black men? And yet do they not belong to them? Are they not their heritage as well as yours? Can they bear burdens without strength, know without learning, and aspire without ideals? Are you afraid to let them try? Fear rather, in this our common fatherland, lest we live to lose those great watchwords of Liberty and Opportunity which yonder in the eternal hills their fathers fought with your fathers to preserve.

THE TRUE REFORMERS.

MR. W. P. BURRELL, GENERAL SECRETARY.



BALTIMORE HALL.
Baltimore, Md.

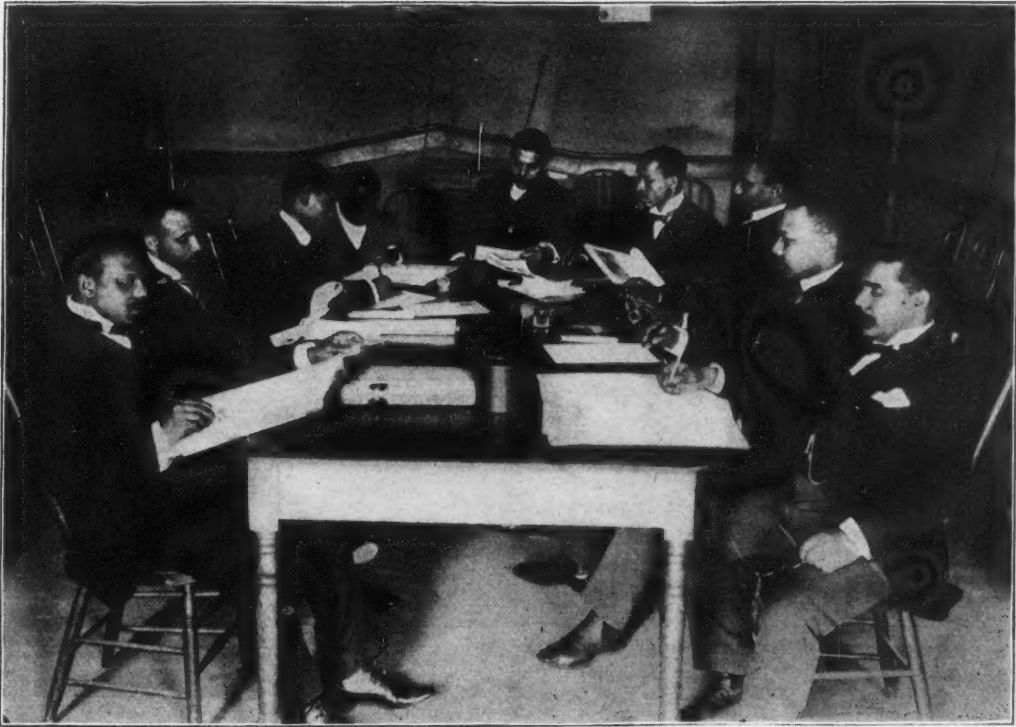
The management of the True Reformers is vested in a Grand Fountain, composed of delegates from all the branches which meet once in twelve months. This body elects all officers and a Board of Directors. The Board of Directors meets twice annually. At the head of each department of the Grand Fountain is a "Chief," or executive officer. These chief officers form what is known as the Executive Committee or the President's cabinet. They assist him in all matters of state. The Executive Committee is composed as follows: W. L. Taylor, G. W. Master; W. P. Burrell, G. W. Sec.; H. T. Hill, G. W. Treasurer and Cashier of Bank; J. C. Robertson, Chief of Real

Estate and Attorney; Edward Ellis, Jr., Accountant and Vice-President; T. W. Taylor, Chief of Old Folks Homes; W. L. Taylor, Jr., Superintendent of Mercantile Department; R. J. Kyles, Private Secretary to the Grand Master; A. W. Holmes, Chief of Richmond Division and Trainer of Deputies; E. W. Brown, Editor of "Reformer."

The property of the various departments of the Grand Fountain is valued at over \$400,000.00. Among the few pieces of property in the business section of Baltimore that were not burned was the property of the Grand Fountain at 310 St. Paul St., worth twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000.00). Though the fire raged around it, it did not burn. We present a picture of it.

The main building at Richmond, Va., is valued at \$45,000.00, and when visited during office hours, reminds one of a beehive, with its one hundred and ten clerks, all busily at work. It is interesting to note the comparison between the offices of to-day and those of fourteen years ago. Rev. W. L. Taylor, the President of the organization, has been a member for nineteen years, and in all that time has been an active worker. He is the pastor of Jerusalem Baptist Church at Doswell, Va. The degree of D.D. was conferred on him last year by the Virginia Seminary at Lynchburg, Va.

Rev. Taylor is interested in many movements for the betterment of the condition of the colored race, and is prominent in church and educational



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, U. O. OF T. REFORMERS, RICHMOND, VA.

Pres. Taylor

Mr. Kyles
 Mr. T. W. Taylor
 Mr. W. P. Burrell
 Mr. Ellis

Mr. J. C. Robertson
 Mr. Brown
 Mr. Holmes
 Mr. Hill

circles. He is a trustee of Virginia Seminary, and one of the executive committee of the National Negro League, of which Mr. Booker T. Washington is president.

Mr. Edward Ellis, Vice-President, has been the Accountant of the Order for ten years. He is interested in other important business outside of the True Reformers.

Mr. J. C. Robinson, the Attorney and Chief of Real Estate, is a lawyer of no mean ability. He holds diplomas from two schools, and has received two degrees. He was appointed to his present position in 1896.

Mr. T. R. Hill, the Grand Treasurer and Cashier of the Bank, is the original

colored Cashier of the United States. He has been connected with the bank ever since it started, and in his official connection has handled over ten million dollars belonging entirely to Negroes. Mr. Hill is one of the best known men in the country, as he is prominent in all kinds of church and educational work.

Mr. E. W. Brown, the editor of the "Reformer," was for many years Commissioner of Revenue in one of the largest counties of Virginia. He is a forcible writer, and conducts an up-to-date paper.

Mr. A. W. Holmes is a State Deputy, and has for years been chief of the Richmond Division. He has been the official trainer of the Grand Fountain for

more than ten years, and in that capacity has prepared the best deputies now in the employ of the Grand Fountain, for work. He is the manager of the Hotel Reformer.

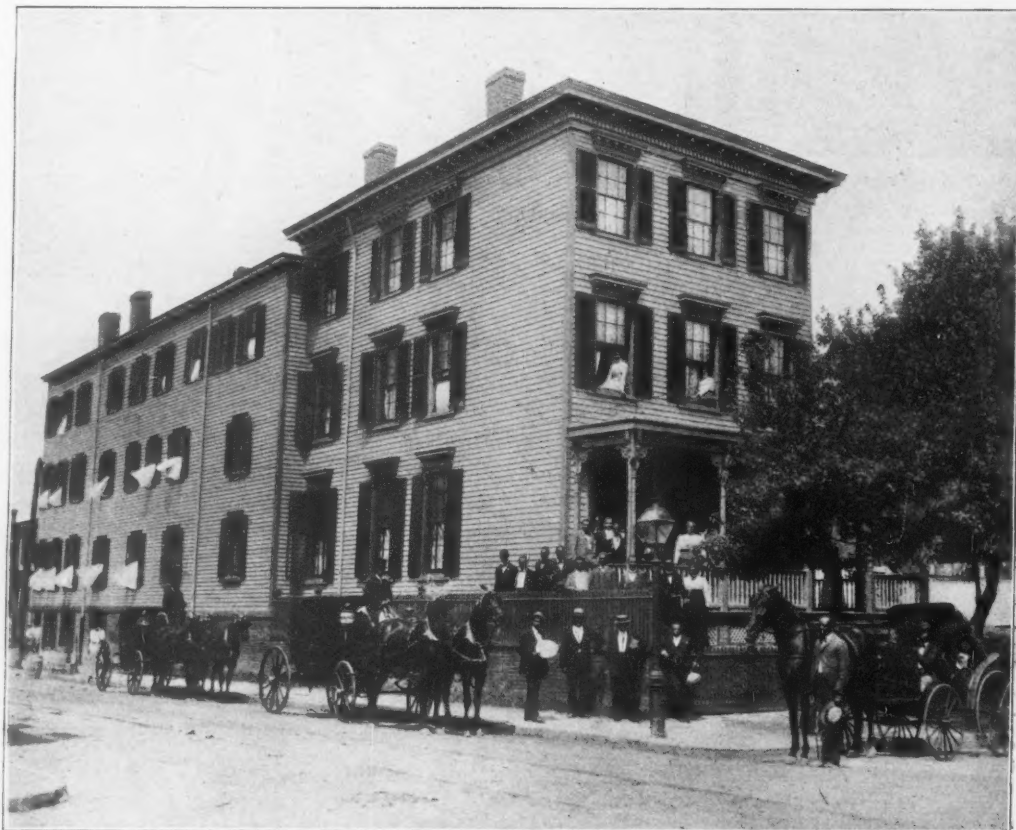
R. J. Kyles is the private secretary to Rev. W. L. Taylor, and in that capacity has travelled all over the United States. Though young, he is far-sighted and painstaking, and ranks as one of the best stenographers in this country. He has been connected with the Order for more than fifteen years.

Mr. T. W. Taylor is the son of Rev. W. L. Taylor, and Chief of the Old Folks Homes, which position he has held for several years. Mr. Taylor is a

graduate of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute.

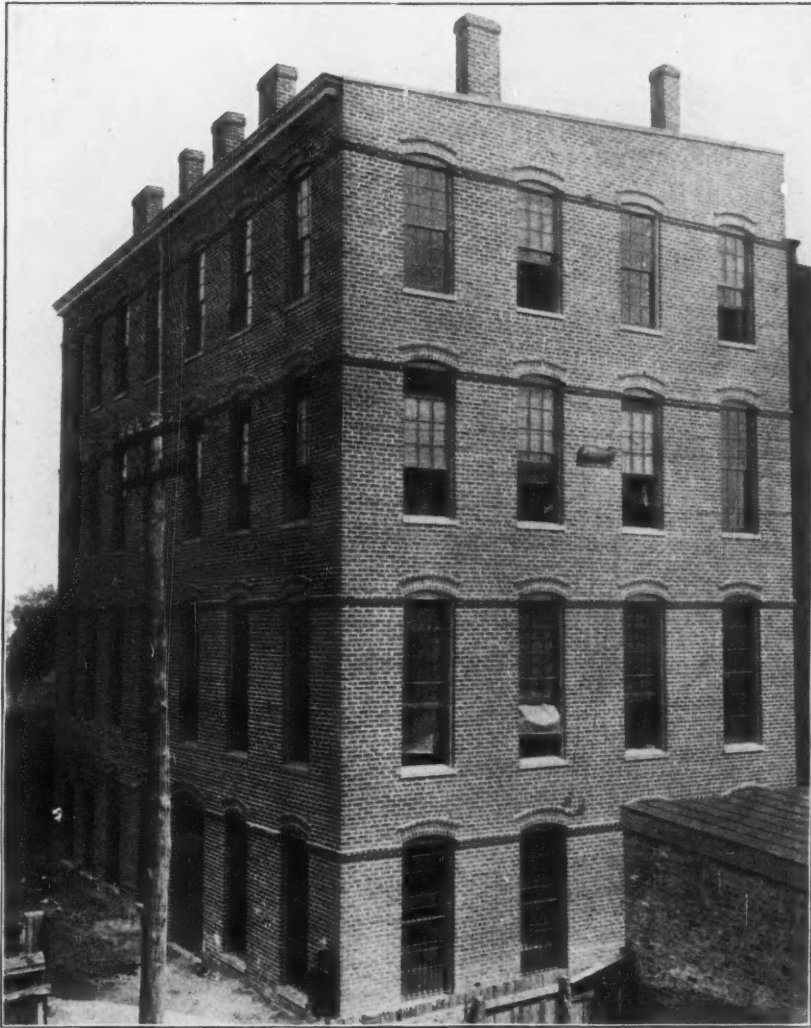
Mr. W. L. Taylor, Jr., is also a son of Rev. W. L. Taylor, and is Chief of the Mercantile Department. Mr. Taylor has the supervision of all the stores, and in that capacity has to travel from place to place.

W. P. Burrell is known as the original True Reformer, as he is the eldest living member of the Order. There is no man in it who did not join since he did. For twenty-three years he has been in touch with all the affairs of the Order. He is said by those who know him to be better versed in the principles of insurance as they apply to the Negro than any one



HOTEL REFORMER, 900 SIXTH ST., RICHMOND, VA.

First-class Accommodations for 100 Boarders.



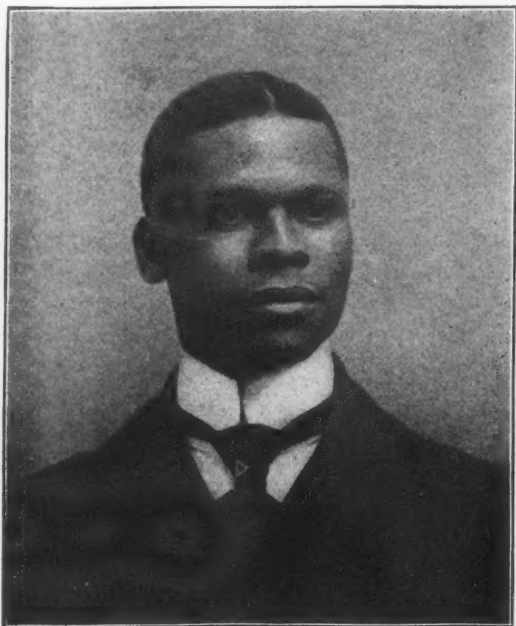
TRUE REFORMER PRINTING PLANT.

Richmond, Va.

else in the country. He is of a retiring disposition, and has never been known to push any matter which would be for his personal benefit. His greatest aim is to see the organization succeed. He is connected with many organizations besides the True Reformers, and holds many positions of trust. He is prominent in the church work of his denomination, as well as a Y. M. C. A. official.

He is a curator of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. He enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him, white as well as black.

Under the management of the above men the Grand Fountain goes steadily upward. The charges are all nominal. Rev. Taylor, who is the President of the whole system, is very affable, and is anxious to get in correspondence with



MR. THOS. W. TAYLOR,
Chief of the Old Folks' Dept.,
U. O. of T. Reformers, Richmond, Va.



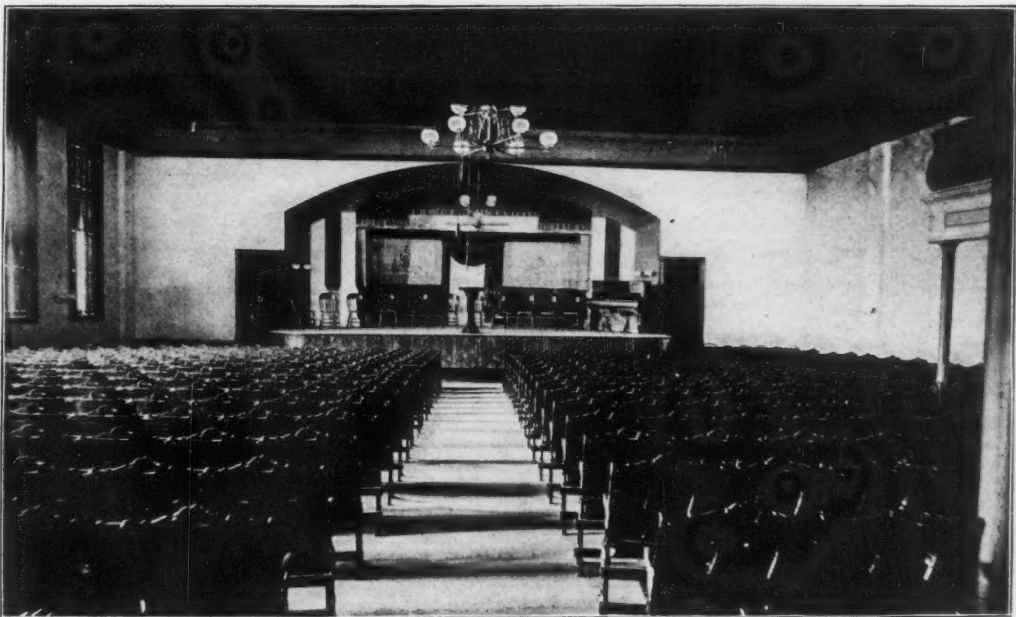
MR. J. C. ROBERTSON, A.B., LL. B.
Attorney for U. O. T. Reformers, Richmond, Va.



THE OLD FOLKS HOMES OF THE GRAND FOUNTAIN,
Westham, Va.



OFFICE OF PRES. WM. W. BROWN,
Richmond, Va.



CONCERT HALL, THIRD FLOOR OF THE RICHMOND BUILDING,
Richmond, Va.



MR. R. J. KYLES,
Private Secretary to the Grand Master,
U. O. T. Reformers, Richmond, Va.

colored men all over the country. A letter dropped to him at 604 N. Second St., Richmond, Va., will meet with a ready response.

We present herewith a few of the illustrations, showing the offices, bank, and some of the properties of the Grand Fountain and its affiliated branches.



THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

(By Permission of Harper and Brothers.)

“**Y**OU will come and see us?” said she. “We shall see you sometimes while you are serving the king?”

“Yes.” He was called away by another accession of numbers, a party of four who ran down among them from a mountain path. Toussaint brushed away his unwonted tears, and went forward, hearing a well-known voice inquire for Toussaint Breda.

“Here I am, Jacques!” he exclaimed, in some surprise, as he addressed himself to a short, stout-built young Negro. “You are the first townsman among us, Jacques. Where is old Dessalines?”

“Here is my master,” said Jacques.

“Not the better for being a master,” said the old tiler, who was himself a Negro. “I found myself no safer than Jacques in the town; so I came away with him, and we have been among the rocks all day, tired enough.”

“Have not you a horse for him?” asked Jacques. Toussaint stepped back to desire Aimee and Isaac to give up their mule to Dessalines; but, before it was done, Dessalines was mounted on Papalier’s horse. Jacques had told Papalier, on finding that he had not been walking at all, that his horse was wanted, and Papalier had felt all the danger of refusing to yield it up. He was walking moodily by the side of Therese, when Toussaint offered him the mule, which he haughtily declined.

When Dessalines was mounted, Jacques came running forward to Tous-

saint, to ask and to tell much concerning their singular circumstances.

“Your party is too noisy,” said he. “The whole country is up; and I saw, not far off, two hours ago, a party that were bringing ammunition from Cap. There may be more; and if we fall in their way, with a white in company——”

“True, true.” And Toussaint turned back to command silence. He told every one that the safety of all might depend on the utmost possible degree of quietness being observed. He separated Isaac from Aimee, as the only way of obtaining silence from them, and warned the merry blacks in the rear that they must be still as death. He and Jacques, however, exchanged a few more words in a low whisper, as they kept in advance of the party.

“How do they get ammunition from Cap?” asked Toussaint. “Have they a party in the town? I thought the town Negroes had been sent on board ship?”

“The suspected ones are. They are the silly and the harmless, who have still wit and mischief enough to give out powder and ball slyly for the plantation Negroes. Once over the river, what will you do with your party?”

“My wife and children will be safe with my brother Paul; you know he fishes on the coast opposite the Seven Brothers. I shall enter the Spanish ranks; and every one else here may do as he thinks proper.”

“Do you not call yourself a commander, then? Why do not you call us your regiment, and take the command as

a matter of course, as Jean has done?"

"If it is desired, I am ready. Hark!"

There was evidently a party at some distance, numerous and somewhat noisy, and on the approach from behind. Toussaint halted his party, quickly whispered his directions, and withdrew them with all speed and quietness within the black shade of a cacao plantation on the left of the road. They had to climb an ascent; but there they found a green recess, so canopied with interwoven branches that no light could enter from the stars, and so hedged in by the cacao plants, growing twelve feet high among the trees, that the party could hardly have been seen from the road in broad daylight. There they stood crowded together in utter darkness and stillness, unless, as Genifrede feared, the beating of her heart might be heard above the hum of the mosquito or the occasional rustle of the foliage.

The approaching troop came on, tramping, and sometimes singing and shouting. Those in the covert knew not whether most to dread a shouting which should agitate their horses, or a silence which might betray a movement on their part. This last seemed the most probable. The noise subsided; and when the troop was close at hand, only a stray voice or two was singing. They had with them two or three trucks, drawn by men, on which were piled barrels of ammunition. They were now very near. Whether it was that Therese, in fear of her infant crying, pressed it so close to her bosom as to awaken it, or whether the rumbling and tramping along the road roused its sleeping ear, the child stirred, and began what promised to be a long, shrill wail if it had not been stopped. How it was stopped, the trembling, sickening mother herself did not know. She only knew that a strong hand wrenched the child from her grasp

in the black darkness, and that all was still, unless, as she then and ever after had a shuddering apprehension, there was something of a slight gurgle which reached her strained ear. Her own involuntary moan was stopped almost before it became a sound; stopped by a tap on the shoulder, whose authoritative touch she well knew.

No one else stirred for long after the troop had passed. Then Toussaint led his wife's horse down into the road again, and the party resumed their march as if nothing had happened.

"My child!" said Therese, fearfully. "Give me my child!" She looked about, and saw that no one seemed to have the infant.

"I will not let it cry," she said. "Give me back my child!"

"What is it?" asked Papalier, coming beside her horse. She told her grief as she prepared to spring down.

"No, keep your seat! Don't get down," said he, in a tone she dared not disobey. "I will inquire for the child."

He went away, and returned—without it.

"This is a sad thing," said he, leading her horse forward with the rest. "No one knows anything about the poor thing. Why did you let it go?"

"Have you asked them all? Who snatched it from me? Oh, ask who took it! Let me look for it. I will—I will—"

"It is too late now. We cannot stop or turn back. These sad accidents will happen at such times."

"Leave me behind—oh, leave me in the wood! I can follow when I have found it. Leave me behind!"

"I cannot spare you, my dear. I should never see you again, and I cannot spare you. It is sad enough to have lost the child."

"It was your child," said she, pleadingly.

"And you are mine too, my dear. I cannot spare you both."

Therese had never felt before. All that had moved her during her yet short life—all emotions in one were nothing to the passion of this moment—the conditional hatred that swelled her soul; conditional—for, from moment to moment, she believed and disbelieved that Papalier had destroyed her child. The thought sometimes occurred to her that he was not the only cruel one. No one seemed to pity or care for her; not even Margot or the girls came near her. She more than once was about to seek and appeal to them; but her master held her bridle, and would not permit her to stop or turn, saying occasionally that the lives of all depended on perfect quiet and order in the march. When they arrived at the cross, at the junction of four roads, they halted, and there she told her story, and was convinced that the grieved women knew nothing of her loss till that moment. It was too late now for anything but compassion.

Jean Francois soon appeared with a troop so numerous that all necessity for caution and quiet was over. They could hardly meet an equal force during the remainder of the march, and might safely make the forests and ravines echo to their progress. Jean took off his cocked hat in saluting Toussaint, and commended his punctuality and his arrangements.

"Jean always admires what my husband does," observed Margot to her acquaintance, Jacques. "You hear how he is praising him for what he has done tonight."

"To be sure. Everybody praises Toussaint Breda," replied Jacques.

The wife laughed with delight.

"Everybody praises him but me," pursued Jacques. "I find fault with him sometimes, and to-night particularly."

"Then you are wrong, Jacques. You know you have everybody against you."

"Time will show that I am right. Time will show the mischief of sending away any whites to do us harm in far countries."

"Oh, you do not blame him for helping away M. Bayou?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why, we have been under him ever since we were children—and a kind youth he was then. And he taught my husband to read, and made him his coachman; and then he made him overseer; and he has always indulged the children, and always bought my young guinea-fowl, and——"

"I know that. All that will not prevent the mischief of helping him away. Toussaint ought to have seen that, if we send our masters to all the four sides of the world, they will bring the world down upon us."

"Perhaps Toussaint did see it," said the man himself, from the other side of his wife's horse. "But he saw another thing too: that any whites who stayed would be murdered."

"That is true enough; and murdered they ought to be. They are a race of tyrants and rebels that our warm island hates."

"Nobody hated M. Bayou," said Margot.

"Yes, I did. Every one who loves the blacks hates the whites."

"I think not," said Toussaint. "At least, it is not so with Him who made them both. He is pleased with mercy, Jacques, and not with murder."

Jacques laughed, and muttered something about the priests having been brought in by the whites for a convenience; to which Toussaint merely replied that it was not a priest, nor an ally of white masters who forgave His enemies on the cross.

"Father," said Placide, joining the group, "why is Jean commanding your march? He speaks to you as if you were under him."

"Because he considers it his march."

"He praised your father very much, Placide," said his mother.

"Yes, just as if my father was under him; as if the march were not ours. We began it."

"I command those who began it—that is, my own family, Placide. I command you to obey Jean while you are with him. On the other side the river you shall be commander all the way to your uncle's house. You will follow his lead, Margot?"

"Oh, yes, if he leads straight. Jean is a commander, Placide. Look at his cocked hat."

"And he calls himself commander-in-chief of the armies of France."

"In St. Domingo. Well, so he is," said Toussaint, smiling, and pointing to the troop. "Here are the armies of the King of France in St. Domingo, and here Jean commands."

At this moment Jean made proclamation for Toussaint Breda; and Toussaint joined him, leaving his wife saying, "You see he wants my husband at every turn. I am sure he thinks a great deal of my husband."

"Toussaint," said Jean, "I shall introduce you to the Marquis d'Hermona, and I have no doubt he will give you a command."

"I shall introduce myself to him, Jean."

"But he will be expecting you. He will receive you according to my report—as a man of ability, and a most valuable officer. I sent messengers forward to tell him of my approach with reinforcements; and I gave a prodigious report of you."

"Still I shall speak for myself, Jean."

"What I now have to ask of you is, that you will dress like an officer—like me. The uniform is, on the whole, of no great consequence at this season, when the whites wear all the linen, and as little cloth as they can. But the hat, Toussaint, the hat! You will not show yourself to the Marquis d'Hermona in a cap! For my sake, do not show yourself till you have procured a cocked hat."

"Where did you get yours, Jean?"

Jean could only say that it was from one who would never want it again.

"We will go as we are," said Toussaint. "You look like a commander, as you are; and I look like what I am, Toussaint Breda."

"But he will not believe what I shall say of you if he sees a mere common Negro."

"Then let him disbelieve till I have shown what I am. We shall find daylight on the other side of this ridge."

They had been for some time ascending the ridge which lies north and south between Fort Dauphin and the river Massacre, the Spanish boundary. In the covert of the woods which clothed the slope, all was yet darkness; but when the travelers could catch a glimpse upward through the interwoven branches, they saw that the stars were growing pale, and that the heavens were filling with a yellower light. On emerging from the woods on the summit of the ridge, they found that morning was indeed come, though the sun was not yet visible. There was a halt, as if the troops, now facing the east, would wait for his appearance. To the left, where the ridge sank down into the sea, lay Mancenille Bay, whose dark gray waters, smooth as glass, as they rolled in upon the shore, began to show lines of light along their swell. A dim sail or two, small and motionless, told that the fishermen were abroad. From this bay the

river Massacre led the eye along the plain which lay under the feet of the troops, and between this ridge and another, darkly wooded, which bounded the valley to the east; while to the south-east the view was closed in by the mass of peaks of the Cibao group of mountains. At the first moment, these peaks, rising eight thousand feet from the plain, appeared hard, cold, and gray between the white clouds that encumbered their middle height and the kindling sky. But from moment to moment their aspect softened. The gray melted into lilac, yellow, and a faint, blushing red, till the stark, barren crags appeared bathed in the hues of the soft, yielding clouds which opened to let forth the sun. The mists were then seen to be stirring—rising, curling, sailing, rolling, as if the breezes were imprisoned among them, and struggling to come forth. The breezes came, and, as it seemed, from those peaks. The woods bent before them at one sweep. The banyan-tree, a grove in itself, trembled through all its leafy columns, and shook off its dews in a wide circle, like the return shower of a playing fountain. Myriads of palms which covered the uplands, till now still as a sleeping host beneath the stars, bowed their plumed heads as the winds went forth, and shook off dews and slumber from the gorgeous parasitic beauties which they sustained. With the first ray that the sun leveled among the woods, these matted creepers shook their flowery festoons, their twined green ropes, studded with opening blossoms and bells, more gay than the burnished insects and gorgeous birds which flitted among their tangles. In the plain, the river no longer glimmered gray through the mists, but glittered golden among the meadows, upon which the wild cattle were descending from the clefts of the hills. Back to the north the

river led the eye, past the cluster of hunters' huts on the margin; past the post where the Spanish flag was flying, and whence the early drum was sounding; past a slope of arrowy ferns here, a grove of lofty cocoa-nut-trees there; once more to the bay, now diamond-strewn, and rocking on its bosom the boats, whose sails were now specks of light in contrast with the black islets of the Seven Brothers, which caught the eye as if just risen from the sea.

"No windmills here! No cattle-mills!" the Negroes were heard saying to one another. "No canes, no sugar-houses, no teams, no overseers' houses, no overseers! By G—d, it is a fine place, this! So we are going down there to be soldiers to the king! Those cattle are wild, and yonder are the hunters going out! By G—d, it is a fine place!"

In somewhat different ways, every one present but Papalier and Therese were indulging the same mood of thought. There was a wildness in the scene which made the heart beat high with the sense of freedom. For some the emotion seemed too strong. Toussaint pointed out to his boys the path on the other side of the river which would lead them to the point of the shore nearest to Paul's hut, instructed them how to find or make a habitation for their mother and sisters till he could visit them, gave his wife a letter to his brother, and, except to bid his family a brief farewell for a brief time, spoke no more till he reached the Spanish post and inquired for the general.

Jean stepped before him into the general's presence, taking possession of the centre of the green space before the tent, where the Marquis d'Hermona was enjoying the coolness of the morning. After having duly declared his own importance, and announced the accession of numbers he was likely to bring, Jean

proceeded to extol Toussaint as one of the valuables he had brought. After apologizing for his friend's want of a cocked hat, he proceeded to exhibit his learning, declaring that he had studied Plutarch, Cæsar's Commentaries, Epic-tetus, Marshal Saxe's Military Reveries—

Here he was stopped by the grasp of Toussaint's hand upon his arm. Toussaint told the general that he came alone, without chief and without followers, the few men who had left Breda with him having ranged themselves with the force of Jean Francais. He came alone, to offer the strength of his arm, on behalf of his king, to the allies of royalist France.

The Spanish soldiers, who glittered all around in their arms and bright uniform, looked upon the somewhat gaunt Negro, in his plantation-dress, dusty with travel, and his woolen cap in hand, and thought, probably, that the King of France would not be much aided by such an ally. It is probable; for a smile went round, in which Jean joined. It is probable that the Marquis d'Hermona thought differently; for he said:

"The strength of your arm! Good! And the strength of your head too, I hope. We get more arms than heads from your side of the frontier. Is it true that you have studied the art of war?"

"I have studied it in books."

"Very well. We want officers for our black troops—all we can raise in the present crisis. You will have the rank of colonel in a regiment to be immediately organized. Are you content?"

Toussaint signified his assent, and orders were given for a tent to be prepared for his present repose. He looked around, as if for someone he did not see.

On being asked, he said that if there was at the post a priest who spoke French, he could wish to converse with him.

"Laxabon understands French, I think," said the marquis to a gentleman of his staff. The aid assented.

"Your excellent desire shall be gratified," said the general. "I doubt not Father Laxabon will presently visit you in your tent."

Father Laxabon had heard rumors of the horrors perpetrated in the French colony within the last two nights. On being told that his attendance was eagerly desired by a fugitive Negro, he recoiled for a moment from what he might have to hear.

When he entered the tent, he found Toussaint alone, on the ground, his bosom bursting with deep and thick-coming sobs.

"How is this, my son?" said the priest. "Is this grief, or is it penitence?"

"I am free," said Toussaint, "and I am an oppression to myself. I did not seek freedom. I was at ease, and did not desire it, seeing how men abuse their freedom."

"You must not, then, abuse your freedom, my son," said the priest, wholly relieved.

"How shall I appear before God—I, who have ever been guided, and who know not whether I can guide myself—my master gone—my employment gone—and I, by his will, a free man, but unprepared, unfit? Receive my confession, father, and guide me from this time."

"Willingly, my son. He who has appointed a new lot to you will enable me to guide you in it."

The tent was closed; and Toussaint kneeled to relieve his full heart from its new sense of freedom, by subjecting himself to a task-master of the soul.

(To be continued)

❖ ————— A TRIP TO PARADISE. ————— ❖

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NEW YORKER IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

❖ ————— By JOHN C. FREUND. ————— ❖

FIFTH LETTER.

Constant Spring Hotel,
Kingston, Island of Jamaica,
Sunday, April 19, 1903.

DURING our progress over the mountains from Annotto Bay to Kingston, an incident occurred which will leave an indelible mark on my memory.

It was when we were near the highest point, where the road begins the descent towards Kingston, which lies in a broad plain on the seashore, on the farther side of the mountain range, that I met an old Negress.

As the horses were straining at the carriage, I got out to relieve them of part of their load, and also to stretch my legs, which had become cramped from sitting so many hours in one position. At the roadside was a cool spring. The water came tumbling down the mountain-side with little leaps and bounds. By the side of the spring sat an old colored woman. As I went up to get a drink, she greeted me courteously, and said:

"You are an American?"

"Yes," I replied, "but how do you know?"

"Oh, said she, "not many English people travel this way, but in the winter and spring months many Americans do."

Then she told me how she had so many grandchildren that she could not keep track of them all, but she was still working for her living, and although

she was over seventy years of age, walked to market twice a week.

"How far is that," said I, "from where you live?"

"Only about fifteen miles," said she.

So there was this dear old lady, tramping the hot roads with her bare feet, sixty miles a week, to make a few cents, still earning her own living, after having brought into the world many children and helped them lead an honorable existence.

She told me she could not read, but



Photograph by Cleary of Kingston.

A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

sometimes liked to look at pictures. Then she said:

"Mr. Roosevelt, the President of your country, is a great man. He is a good man. I hear he is good to the colored people."

Candidly, I was taken aback! Here was I, between four and five thousand feet in the air, in the mountains, with a venerable colored woman, who never saw a newspaper or a book, and yet she knew that in the far-away country where so many millions of her race are, there was a man who was great enough and broad enough to be just to her race.

I made no reply, except to take off my hat, and make her a ceremonious bow.

Whether she was impressed by the bow, or by the two-shilling piece I pressed into her hand, I do not know, but she started an elaborate series of courtesies, right in the middle of the road, which would have put to shame any of the female beauties at the court of Louis XIV.

Down the road we went, with no further incident, except that we came upon a number of Negroes grinding cane for sugar. The press they were using was, like most of the other machinery I have seen here, made in New England. A poor old horse was walking round and round, and grinding out the cane, much in the way that it is done in the States.



Photograph by Cleary of Kingston.

A SUGAR MILL.

I tasted the warm, sugary liquid, but cannot say that I found it anything but unpleasant.

Some miles further on, the road became more and more thronged with travellers. We were evidently nearing a large city. Suddenly, at a sharp turn, the valley lay before us, and through the haze we saw Kingston, with the sea beyond.

I suppose I ought before this to have given you a number of "facts" about this beautiful island, but presumed you would be more interested in my telling you how the life here appears to a traveler, like myself, who visits this "earthly paradise" for the first time.

However, it may be well to say to those who are not informed on the subject that Jamaica lies in the Caribbean Sea, about a hundred miles or so to the southwest of Cuba, and about the same distance from Santo Domingo. As I told you, the island is a hundred and fifty miles long, and in the broadest part less than fifty miles wide. It has long been known as one of the brightest jewels in the British crown.

Over four hundred years ago, that is, in 1494, Columbus discovered it, after which the Spaniards held the island till 1655, when the English Admirals Penn and Venables took it. The Spaniards had ruled the original inhabitants, a peaceful race of Indians, with the ignorance and brutality which have characterized their conduct in all their colonial possessions. It is said that during the Spanish rule over sixty thousand of the Indians were put to death; in fact, except in some traces that one may find in the present population, there is nothing left of the aboriginal Arawaks.

The Spaniards several times tried to regain possession of Jamaica, but without success. During their period and later, the island became notorious as a

haunt of the buccaneers, who, licensed by the English to prey upon Spanish commerce, went further and became general pirates. Their principal place of call was Port Royal, situated on a long spit of land, which faces Kingston, and is to-day an English arsenal and camp.

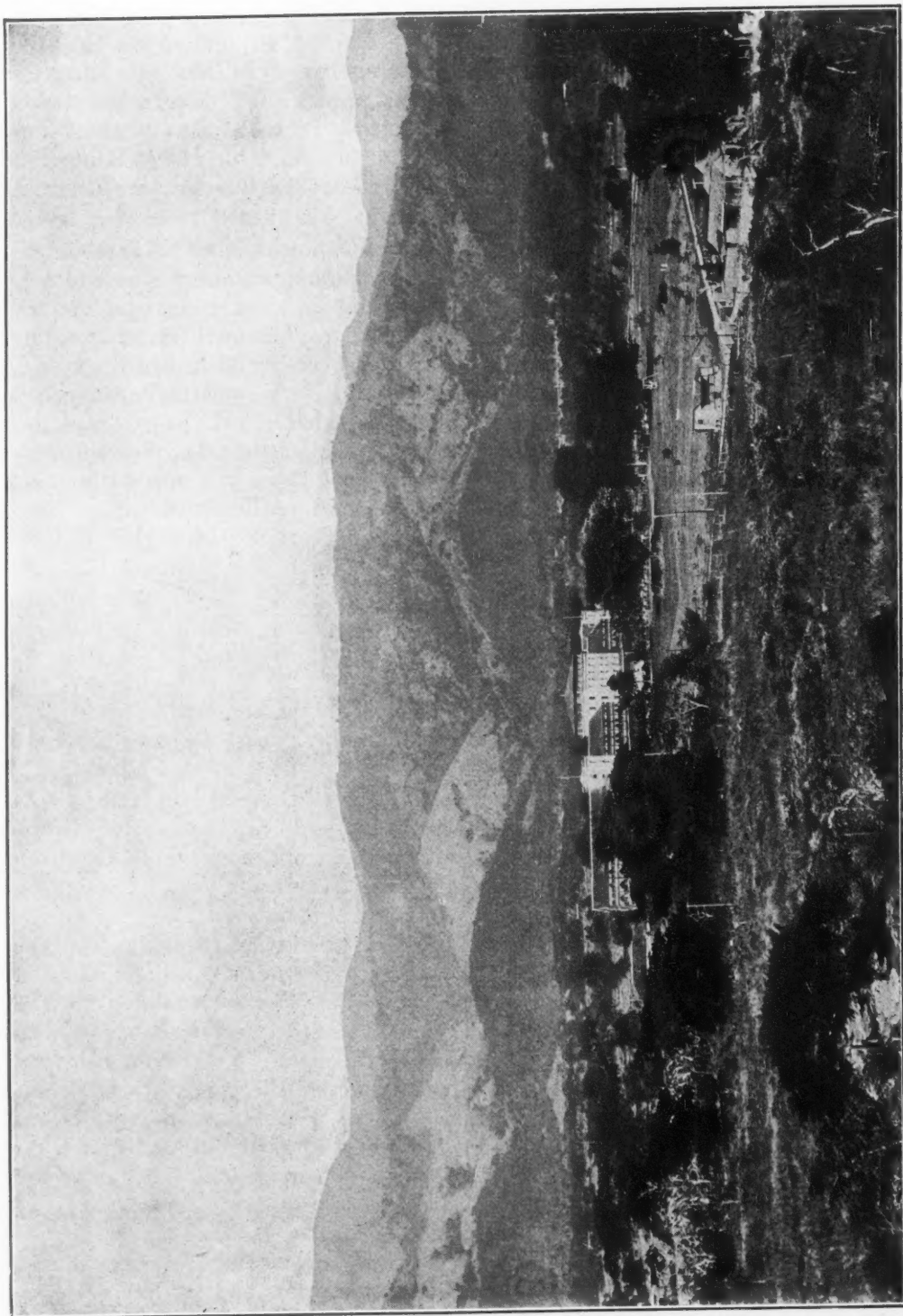
The most notorious of the freebooters was Henry Morgan, about whose blood-thirsty and reckless career no end of romances have been written. Later, law and order were established in the island, and nothing very remarkable happened till 1692, when Port Royal was destroyed by an earthquake, though many contend that there was no earthquake, but that part of the land slipped into the sea, and carried with it the old freebooters' home.

In 1782, however, Port Royal acquired a celebrity which it will never lose, because, on the 12th of April of that year, Lord Rodney defeated the French fleet in a contest in which fourteen thousand Frenchmen and some six thousand English lost their lives.

A fine statue erected in Lord Rodney's honor, adorns the square of Spanish Town, some twenty miles from Kingston, which was the capital during the time of Spanish rule.

Historians divide the story of the island into four epochs: the first, that during which it was inhabited by the Arawaks; the second, when Columbus discovered it, and it was later ruled by the Spaniards; the third, when Cromwell's admirals took it from the Spaniards, and the fourth, which began with the great Emancipation Act, during the reign of Queen Victoria in 1834, by which all the slaves in the colonial possessions of Great Britain were purchased from their owners and set free.

Kingston, the capital of the island, lies on the seashore, in a plain at the



Photograph by Brennan of Kingston.

THE CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL, JAMAICA.

foot of the mountain range, and, but for the sea breezes, would be a very unpleasant and dusty place to live in. The mountains seem to attract all the rain, so that it is no uncommon thing for the place to be without a shower by the month together. This makes the dust almost unendurable at times, and we suffered all the more, as in the northern part of the island and, indeed, on our trip over the mountains, we had been practically free from the travelers' scourge.

The Constant Spring Hotel, where we are, is a magnificent place, with fine gardens and lawns. It is run by Elder, Dempster & Co., an English concern which owns a large number of steamships. The firm is, in a measure, a rival of the United Fruit Co., of Boston. Indeed, this hotel was put up to offset the hotel put up by the Americans at Port Antonio. It is about six miles away from Kingston, in the foothills of the mountains, as you will see by the photograph I send you, and is the most fashionable resort in the island.

The manager is an Englishman, who, when we arrived, was in that state of blissful indifference which comes to a man who has had an extraordinarily successful season and two applicants for every room he has to spare. The halls, parlors, dining-rooms and bedrooms in the hotel are all lofty and tastefully and appropriately furnished.

It was a luxury to get a good bed, and on the evening of my arrival, I retired with the conviction that I was entitled to a good rest after my long trip over the mountains. I felt that nothing would induce me to get up till the sun was high in the heavens. Our bedroom looked out from the rear of the hotel on the mountain range. It was all so beautiful and peaceful in the moonlight when I retired that I had no suspicion of the

charivari which was to break out just before dawn.

About 4 A. M. I was awakened by the most horrible concatenation of sounds that I have ever heard on this earth.

When I was fully awake I discovered that it was a jackass braying on a neighboring farm. He started up the lambs, which began to bleat for their mothers, as well as various roosters, who undertook to increase the general din.

That jackass has become the bane of my life. His punctuality in starting his vocal exercises is remarkable. Every morning he is within five minutes of the same time.

He has a Jekyll and Hyde bray. He starts with a defiant and brassy sound, that shakes the mountains and the woods, and then gradually tones down to a kind of apologetic refrain, as if conscious of the injury he has done to those who are anxious to sleep.

The Bible says that Samson slew his thousands with the jawbone of an ass, but the damage done by the jawbone of Samson's dead ass must have been as nothing to the damage done by the jawbone of the living ass behind this hotel.

However, I philosophized that it is the especial privilege of the jackass, human as well as animal, to create discomfort without fear of retaliation.

Right in front of the hotel there is a charming walk, arched over with flowering plants and shrubs, which leads to a beautiful fountain, and is a favorite resort of the ladies in the cool of the evening.

Here you will see lots of little chameleons, those curious creatures you find in the Southern states. If you will keep still, you can get quite close up to them, when they will lift up their little heads, look at you with their bright eyes, then suddenly spring away and leap with



Photograph by John C. Freund.

THE FOUNTAIN AT THE CONSTANT
SPRING HOTEL.

bounds so long that it seems as if they were flying through the air.

At breakfast I was introduced to a new dish in the shape of some "snook." The "snook" is a fish, so the waiter told me. The flesh is a cross between that of a bass and a red snapper, but not being an anatomist, I could not construct the entire fish, even in imagination, from the morsels that were put before us.

We were served by a waiter who had a most wonderful, low-cut red waistcoat. My wife suggested that he probably wore it to show the way out, in case of fire.

After breakfast we determined on a visit to Kingston, and so took the electric cars, which are well constructed, clean, and are run at a great rate of speed. In fact, it took us only about forty minutes to make the trip from the hotel to the town.

It was on this trip that we met a number of school children with their mothers and friends, out for a picnic. Then I discovered that the average Jamaican band or orchestra consists of a flute, a big drum, which is beaten constantly and violently, a violin and a cornet.

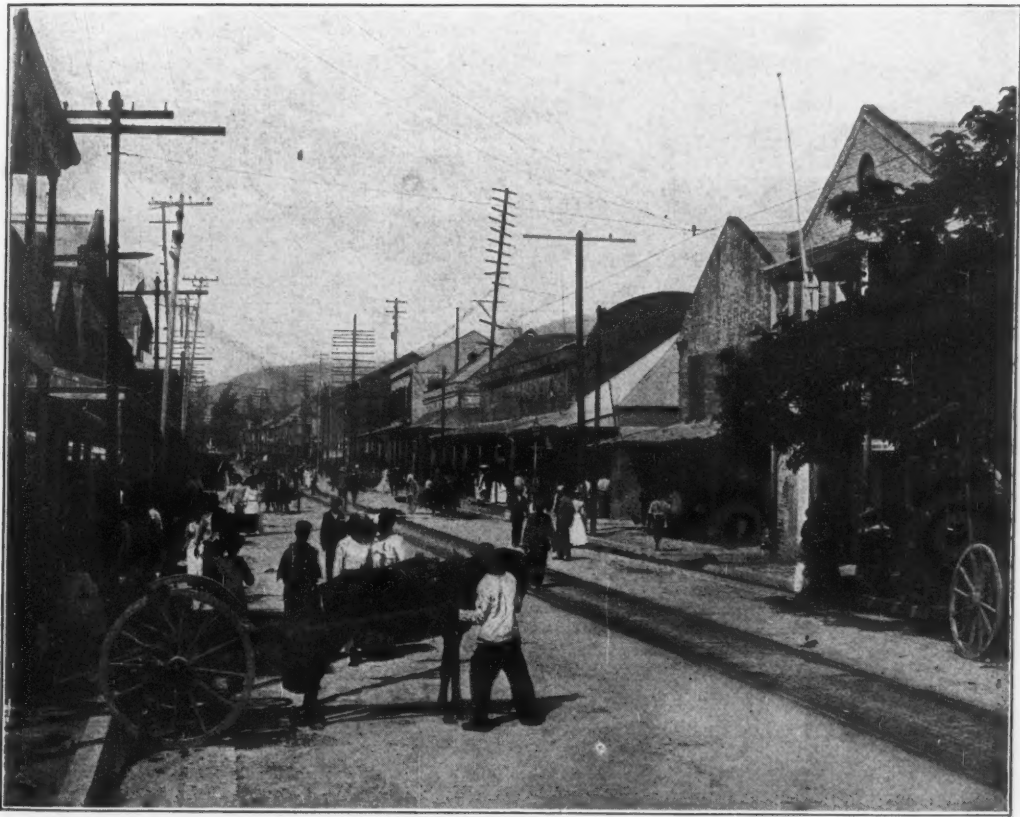
You must hear this combination, especially the big drum part of it, to appreciate it.

The principal streets in Kingston are broad and fairly well paved. The houses and stores on each side are principally of the two-story order, and conspicuous for the plainness of the exterior. The monotony is relieved, however, by trees, plants and palms, so that on the whole the effect is pleasing and picturesque.

On our arrival in Kingston we put up at the principal hotel, the Myrtle Bank, which is run by the same concern that conducts the hotel at Constant Spring, which, by the bye, is called after a mountain spring which furnishes the water for a large swimming pool that is the delight of the English officers quartered with the West India Regiment, which is recruited from the colored men in the various islands that belong to Great Britain.

If you are a guest, either at the Constant Spring Hotel or at the Myrtle Bank, you can get your meals at the other house simply by obtaining a card, which is convenient for the guests of the Constant Spring Hotel who wish to spend a day in Kingston before going back.

We made a tour of the stores, many of which are equal to those to be found in some of the large towns in the States. The dry goods stores, drug stores, and hardware stores are particularly fine. In all of them you are sure to meet the proprietor, who will be very courteous, and whose colored assistants



Photograph by Duperly & Sons of Kingston.

KING STREET, KINGSTON.

will vie with him in politeness and in an endeavor to meet your wants.

We spent some time in the market, which is a great institution here, and where you will find everything, from pins, needles, jams and bananas to pickled horses' feet, a new dish to me.

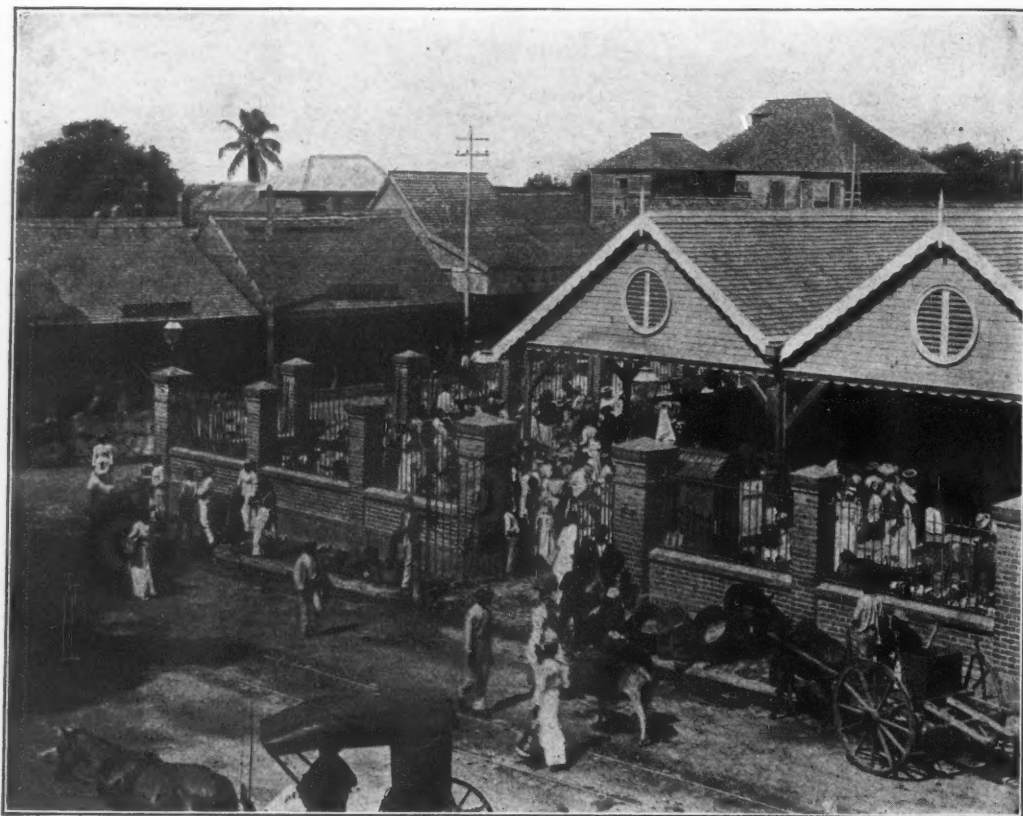
This market scene is characteristic of the island. You see all kinds of people of color here, from little black and brown boys and girls to venerable great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers. Everybody is good-natured, and while the babble of tongues is almost as overpowering as the flies which we first encountered here, in quantity, you will find it all interesting, especially the odor, which is of such an extraordinary pun-

gency that I might devote an entire letter to a description of its wonderful qualities.

Carriage hire is cheap, that is to say, you can get a nice buggy for seventy-five cents an hour, with a colored driver whom you will find a perfect mine of information.

In driving down one of the streets we were suddenly halted by a colored policeman with a red flag, which he waved frantically in front of the horse. The driver promptly turned down a side street.

We endeavored to re-enter the main street, but were again stopped by another colored policeman with a red flag.



THE JUBILEE MARKET, KINGSTON.

I asked our driver what it all meant. He replied:

"The Lawd Chief Justice is holding court in that building, and they don't let no carriages pass, because the carriages make a noise, so that the Lawd Chief Justice can't hear what the prisoner says."

I found afterwards that it is customary, when court is in session, to prevent carriages from passing the building, as the noise would make the proceedings inaudible.

I also found out that the particular case which was on while we were passing was **an** action for trespass, though, according to our good friend, the driver, all proceedings in the court house had to have "a prisoner."

At lunch we had the experience

that all wine is served warm in Jamaica, and that it is a hard struggle to get any ice, and a still harder struggle to persuade any Jamaica waiter or hotel keeper that eighty degrees is not exactly the proper temperature for Rhine wine or champagne.

At lunch we also made the acquaintance of oysters that grow on trees. I had heard of these oysters before, but had thought them an invention of wicked travelers who like to deceive you, but they are a fact.

The Jamaican oysters are very small, not much larger than a silver dollar, and neither fat nor very palatable. They grow on the roots and stems of the mangrove trees in the swamps that are washed by sea water.

We are going to take home some of

them to prove to our friends that we are not Munchausens.

With the meat, our red-waistcoated waiter asked us whether we would like to have some choe-choes. I naturally concluded that he meant chow-chow pickle. When he brought some, however, I found that choe-choe is a vegetable, which is very nice, and is much like what we know in England as vegetable marrow. You have something similar in the States. It is boiled and served with a white sauce, and is exceedingly palatable.

After dinner we took a carriage for a visit to the palace of His Excellency, the Governor of the Island.

On the road we passed one of the

many Negro cottages, and the whole family, as usual, turned out to do us honor, especially when I pointed my kodak at them. I send you the picture.

You will notice, to the left, a gentleman with his face done up in bandages. This is what every colored man here does when he has a toothache. A great many of them seem to have it. They never dream of going to a dentist and having a tooth out. As soon as any one of them becomes afflicted, his head is promptly swathed in any loose handkerchief or cloth that is lying around, and he carries that till the pain goes away.

The King's House, as they call the



Photograph by Duperly & Sons of Kingston.

A FAMILY PARADE.



Photograph by John C. Freund.

REAR OF GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HOUSE.

Governor's residence, lies in a large and magnificently laid out park. The drive on both sides is decked out with glorious palms, tropical flowers of all kinds. As the grounds have been well cared for for generations—Englishmen love flowers and trees—you can imagine how beautiful they are.

When we drove up to the residence, which is a large building, rather plain in its exterior architecture, I prepared in a stealthy manner to take a snapshot of it, and so got behind a colored sentinel who was on guard.

I was spied, however, by one of the servants of the place, a man in uniform, who promptly came towards me, but, instead of warning me off the place, as I expected, he invited me to accompany him, expressed his willingness to show us all over the grounds, and regretted that, as the Governor and his family were at home, he could not show me through the house and the ballroom.

So it was evident that His Excellency, Sir Augustus Hemingway, desires to be very polite to tourists.

If the grounds in front of the house, through which we had driven, were beautiful, they were as nothing to the grounds in the rear of the buildings, where we saw palms that view in gorgeousness with those we had seen in Castleton Gardens. I send you a snapshot, to give you some idea of their charm.

Later in the afternoon we drove over to the camp of the West India Regiment to see a polo match between the English officers, which was enlivened by the band of the regiment, composed of colored men, who played unusually well.

The Englishmen are good riders, but their polo playing lacks that impetuosity and dash which characterize the American games, especially those you will see at George Gould's fine grounds at Lakewood. Perhaps this, however, was some-



Photograph by John C. Freund.

IN HIS EXCELLENCY'S GARDEN.

what due to the vast extent of the polo ground here, which is certainly twice, if not three times, the extent of those to which the players are accustomed in the States.

The officers served afternoon tea to their lady friends, of whom quite a number were present. The scene was pretty, and set off by the mountains in the background.

Dinner at the Constant Spring Hotel in the evening is a stately affair. Everybody appears in full evening costume, and tries to be more or less "fashionable," by not coming in till seven or half-past seven, although the dining room is open at half-past six.

Whether this is to show that they are not particularly hungry, or that they prefer a dinner when it is spoiled, I cannot say, but there is nothing like being "fashionable" in this world. Generally, my wife and I are about the only people in the dining-room on time, as we prefer to eat our dinner when it is hot, but, of course, there is no accounting for taste in these matters.

After dinner there was a "function," that is to say, invitations had been sent out to a number of prominent families and residents, so that the parlors, which were cleared for a dance, were crowded with elegantly dressed women and gentlemen in evening dress. I noticed a number of mulattoes and octoroons of both sexes, though I saw no full-blooded Negroes or Negresses. Strange to say, the dancing was taken at an almost furious rate. One would have expected that in a tropical climate people would prefer a slow waltz, so I was surprised to hear the orchestra strike up a lively kind of a step, and see everybody footing it for dear life.

Here you see many old-fashioned costumes, worn by ladies who are proud to wear their grandmothers' gorgeous

gowns. But right next to them you will see many tasteful and beautiful dresses that unmistakably bear the New York or Paris stamp.

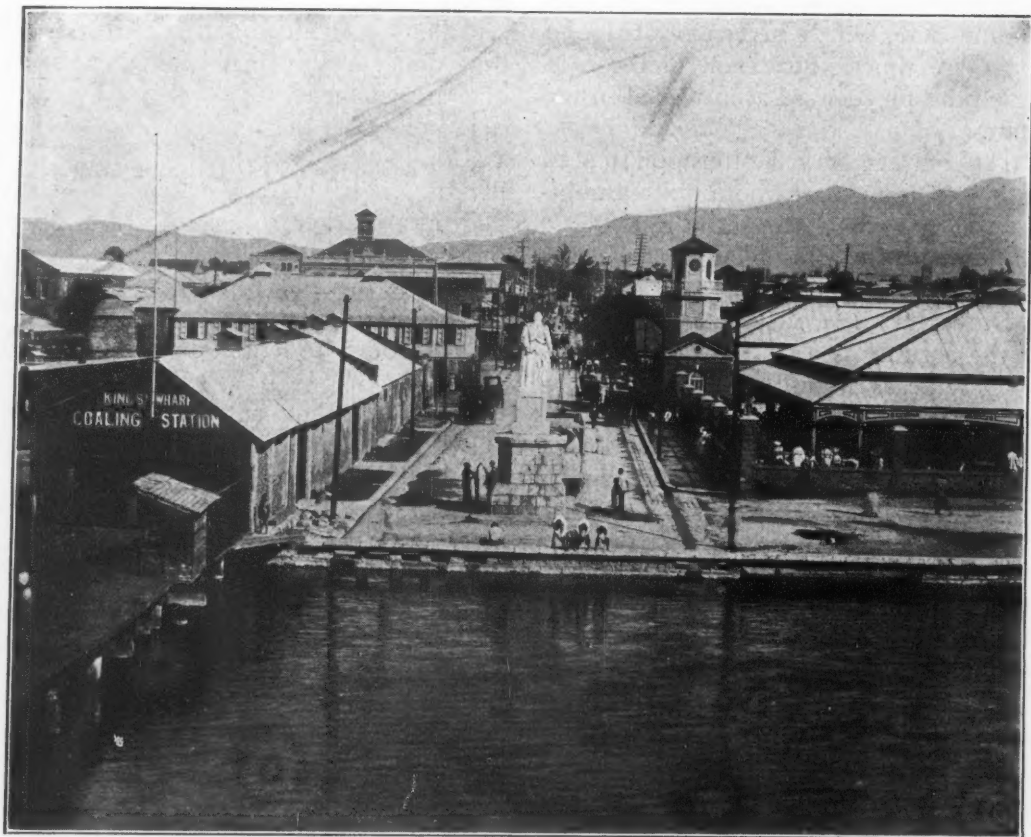
It was while the function was on that I got into a heated argument with a couple of Englishmen, a native Jamaican and Mr. Barker, of the Boston post-office, one of our fellow-travelers.

It was the old discussion as to the propriety of admitting even mulattoes or octoroons to entertainments of this kind.

The immediate subject that precipitated the interchange of views was a handsome mulatto, magnificently built, over six feet, two inches tall. His manner was perfect. He danced with elegance. Indeed, he was one of the most graceful dancers in the crowded ball-room. I was told that he was the manager of the largest bank in Kingston; that he had gone to the war in South Africa, where he had won not only the good conduct medal, but the Victorian Cross for distinguished bravery on the field of battle. I heard, further, that he was a man of unquestioned integrity. Yet the verdict was against him on account of his color, which was certainly lighter than that of many of the bronzed white men around him.

I took the ground that his position as manager of the bank showed he was honest as well as capable. The fact that he won the good conduct medal proved that he knew how to behave himself, while the further fact that he had won the Victoria Cross showed that he was a brave man.

"Now," said I, "when a man unites to honesty and capacity, good conduct and heroism, he is good enough company for me, and I don't care whether he has pink eyes, green hair, a blue nose or pink teeth. I may not like these particular colors, but I certainly will not



Photograph by Duperly & Sons of Kingston.

LOOKING UP KING STREET, KINGSTON.

refuse to recognize his qualities as a man."

As if to emphasize my remarks, just at that time an officer from one of the men-of-war in the harbor, who had been dining well but not wisely, staggered past, having nearly ruined a lady's dress in doing so, and disappeared through the entrance, none too soon.

"I presume," said I, "the average man would be honored by an acquaintance with that gentleman, and would disdain the acquaintance of the mulatto, but give me the colored hero every time to the man who disgraces not only the color of his face, but the colors of his country."

The argument got hot and heavy. I was asked what I was going to do about admitting the Negroes to suffrage and to equality with whites. I replied that the main cause of the present difficulty in the States was that the whole question was considered from a wrong point of view.

There never could be any question, any doubt, as to whether it was proper to admit ignorant, uncultivated, lazy Negroes to an equality with white men and women. That was not the problem to be solved. There was no problem in it.

What we had to do was, if a man showed capacity, integrity, heroism, to

recognize these qualities, never mind what his color is. That, I said, is true Americanism, and if it is not, then the Declaration of Independence is a fraud and a farce, for if there is anything the United States of America set itself up to do, it was to declare a man's right to be what he makes himself, despite of color, religion, politics, and certainly despite of any natural peculiarities he may have inherited from his ancestors, over which he can have no personal control.

One of the Englishmen who took part in the discussion was an old Cambridge man, who had come up from South America, and was about to leave by the "Para," the English royal mail steamer, the next day. He was more violent than a Southerner would have been on the question.

Mr. Barker, however, with true New England fairness, inclined to side with my views, though, evidently, he was not as extreme as I am in the matter.

After all, it is surely a man's character that we should judge in this world, rather than the color of his skin.

This, I take it, is the position assumed by President Roosevelt, when he invited Booker T. Washington to a seat at his table, namely, that he courted the society, not of a colored man, but of a great man, a great educator, a great thinker, a clever writer, a man who is doing something for the human race, never mind what his color is.

After all, the whole question resolves itself to this. Shall the colored man have an opportunity to rise? and if, when he has the opportunity, and he does rise,



WAITING FOR A CUSTOMER.

by his own efforts, shall we deny him the fruit of his labor, shall we refuse him recognition?

It is not an issue, therefore, as to "social equality," but as to what is "common justice!"

Between dances I was interested in noticing what the gentlemen took in the way of a "refresher," especially the Englishmen and the English officers.

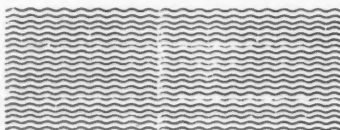
There is a tradition, of course, that everybody in Jamaica drinks rum. The Negroes may take it, but I never saw a glass taken in the entire time that I have been here. The Englishmen, true to tradition, especially the officers, seem to prefer brandy and soda, and when they do not drink that they drink Scotch or American whisky and soda. Some beer is taken also, but not as much as one would expect.

Good beer is made in the island, and also very good soda.

Here, too, you will find the old-fashioned English billiard table, with the pockets and the small balls. The favored game is "English billiards," which is played, as you know, with one red ball and two white, and where the main play is to run into a pocket off your opponent's white ball or off the red ball. Besides this, pyramids are played, with fifteen red balls, which have to be pocketed, and there is also some pool played, though not to any great extent.

The people do not keep late hours, and I was astonished to find when, after a chat with a newly-found friend in the cafe, I returned to the ballroom, that the whole of the company had departed on foot or in carriages, so that there was not a sound where fifteen minutes before nearly two hundred people had made the scene lively with laughter and conversation.

(To be continued)



NEAR THE END OF APRIL.



WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Near the end of April,
On the verge of May—
And O my heart, the woods were dusk
At the close of day.

Half a word was spoken,
Out of half a dream,
And God looked in my soul, and saw
A dawn rise and gleam.

Near the end of April
Twenty Mays have met—
And half a word and half a dream,
Remember and forget.

THE RETURNING ROAD OF DREAMS.



WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

I.

It was late of a middle-March evening when Edward Doane reached Farport. The little town lay quiet, with the sea washing its shores on three sides. The main street was quite deserted, save here and there a guardian of the peace, and two or three townsmen. The sloping streets that ran up from the main street to the top of the hill were dark, and the distance beyond seemed ominous. The whole place appeared very lonely and forsaken—a little spot on the very edge of the world—in contrast to the large metropolis the young man had left a few hours before.

Doane, carrying his bag with a reluctant grip, made his way up one of the hillside streets to Dr. Cameron's house. It was about quarter to eleven, and he knew the doctor was sitting in his library, smoking and philosophically turning over in his mind the affairs of the day just passed. In seven or eight minutes the young man reached the doctor's gate.

It was all as if he had been there as late as yesterday. A strange, strange transformation the sight brought to him. The entire remembrance and trials of the past six months were obliterated by the soothing security of familiar associations, and the recollection of the kind owner of the house. The doctor himself opened the door in response to Doane's application.

"Well, Edward, is it you? Come in. When did you arrive?"

"On the 10.35 Bickword boat," Doane answered, entering. "Family well, doctor? And yourself?"

The two men shook hands affectionately, and went into the library. The

doctor lighted a fresh cigar, and gave one to Doane.

Here were two men who loved each other deeply—differing as they did in their opinions on certain matters. Doane was the doctor's junior by fifteen years, but seldom did there exist such an affectionate bond of friendship between men whose years were so far apart.

Doane seated himself in one of the doctor's easy chairs, and puffed silently at his cigar for some minutes. The older man understood his young friend's temperament so thoroughly he refrained from interrupting his self-absorption. The silence lasted but a few minutes when Doane spoke: "Well, doctor, I am back," he said, very significantly.

"For my part, I am glad to have you back, but I suppose you think differently," responded the doctor.

"It has not been a matter of choice for me, doctor. Circumstances and conditions—well, quite the same old story."

"Say rather a new story, Edward, in which the reading has not yet reached the third chapter. You are young, my man, very young; and you must cultivate patience."

"All of what you say is very well and true, but there are differences when applied to us. My God, doctor," Doane passionately exclaimed, "What about the future? Now don't say"—and the young man raised his hand in protest—"that we are admonished to labor and to wait; and for heaven's sake don't preach me the doctrine of a certain public idol. I know them both to be true in the main; yet with all their promises, the future is dark—without one ray of hope."

"Tut, man!" exclaimed the doctor,

with a slight suggestion of good-natured disgust in his voice; "wipe away some of the mire of pessimism from your eyes and look clearly at facts. You judge things with your feelings instead of with your mind. I cannot see the cause for so much bitterness. You have not gone far enough to know whether you have failed or not."

Doane sat silent under the doctor's invectives. In the subdued light of the room his face shed a peculiar radiance. There was something of the illumination of an apostle in the young fellow's bearing; a note of passionate striving, of eager immutable purposes that had come in contact with baffling problems. Dr. Cameron's eyes were full of love and respect as they watched Doane, deep in one of those periodical self-absorptions that visited him. The doctor spoke: "Are you going back to the Association, Edward?"

Doane, brought back to the realization of an alternate, fate had forced him to, winced at the doctor's words, and answered simply, "Yes."

As the remark to this part of the young man's future seemed to have an unpleasant effect, the doctor shifted the conversation to other grounds. "Tell me something of your life in New York; what you actually did; what people you met."

"That would be too long a story to begin now, doctor. Some evening in one of our walks over the beaches you will hear it all—but now, I haven't the heart to tell it. It's too near, too much a part of the present to have a good literary quality" and Doane smiled, adding, "It's only to be dreamed over now, and left to be mellowed in the recession of time. But mark this, doctor, I have learned

much and been stirred deeply. I have heard the cry of ten millions of souls, and the sound will reverberate along the roads of time till it reaches the ears of God, and God's voice will answer it to the nation. That answer will pay the debt of three hundred years."

"You believe God will let loose His wrath upon the nation in some such manner as He did upon Egypt?" asked the doctor.

"No; there will be no spilling of blood. But He will put into the black souls dreams and songs and powers of creation; the black souls will know the secrets of nature, of the stars, and fathom the mysteries of good and evil. It will be a conquest of peace and science and art—the last grand achievements of the human race—for these things are mightier slayers of prejudices and wrongs than the sword."

The doctor smiled when Doane finished, and asked: "How do you propose to build a foundation for this future race, Edward?"

Doane did not answer.

"I will tell you," continued the doctor. "By educating the masses—and this education must be of the economic standard of Dr. Hushington's teachings. I tell you, Edward, my hopes for the future of the race are as high as those you have mentioned; but we must proceed in the right way to prevent any reactionary developments. Genius and talent will take care of themselves, but the masses must be fitted, polished and assigned. We must give them their religion, morals, ethics; virtually, we must give them life and contentment through honest labor; given this, we need never worry about the fulfillment of your prophecy."

(To be concluded)



(Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country, but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.)

TIMOTHY THOMAS FORTUNE.

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

Among the numerous editors of the present day, the name of T. Thomas Fortune stands pre-eminent. Although born a slave, Mr. Fortune is, at the age of forty-five, the best known and most widely quoted editorial writer of the Afro-American race. This notice of his writings is not confined to the race papers, for the great dailies of the country recognize the "New York Age" as the mouthpiece of the advanced thought of the Afro-American people.

Timothy Thomas Fortune was born October 3, 1856, in Marianna, Jackson County, Florida. There were no schools for Afro-Americans in those days, so he was taught the rudiments of English by his mother. When quite young he entered the office of the "Marianna Courier" as printer's "devil," giving his spare time to reading and study. When the Fortune family moved to Jacksonville, Thomas secured a place in the office of the "Daily Union," where he soon became an expert compositor. Then he entered the Stanton Institute, where he stood high in scholarship. Leaving school he went to work in the city post office as office boy, and was in a few weeks promoted to a clerkship.

Young Fortune was a boy of high spirit, so he resigned his position rather than take an insult from the postmaster, and went back to his "case." In 1874 he was appointed mail route agent be-

tween Jacksonville and Chattahoochee, in which situation he was sorely tried by many obstacles, but he overcame them all, and resigning in 1875 he became special inspector of customs for the first district of Delaware, to which service he was appointed by Secretary of the Treasury B. H. Bristow, upon the recommendation of Congressman William J. Purrian.

In 1876 Fortune entered Howard University, where he studied for two years. Leaving college, he was next employed as a compositor on the "People's Advocate." While in Washington he married Miss Carroway C. Smiley of Florida, who has proved a true helpmeet. Five children were the result of this union, two of whom survive. In 1878 Mr. Fortune returned to Florida, where he taught for several years in the public schools. In 1879 he went to New York City and secured employment on the "Weekly Witness" as a compositor.

The prejudice against an Afro-American printer was so great that the Caucasian compositors threatened to strike if the "nigger" was not discharged, but the publisher, Mr. John Dougall, a true Christian, notified the ringleaders that T. Thomas Fortune would continue to work in his office, or he would, if necessary, close up his business to carry out what he believed to be right. They did strike, however, and the matter created much newspaper talk at the time, but Mr. Dougall would not back down, and

in the end the strikers were glad to return to work.

The real journalistic career of Mr. Fortune dates from 1880, when, with W. W. Sampson and George Parker, he began the publication of "Rumor," a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of the Afro-American people. As there were few race journals at that time, and "Rumor" was a well edited and newsy sheet, it was a success from the start. In 1882 the name of the paper was changed to the "New York Globe."

Self-reliance does not belong to weak characters. T. Thomas Fortune had early learned the value of this virtue, so when dissensions came in the management of "The Globe," and the paper was forced to suspend, a week later, on November 22, 1884, without any capital, he began the publication of the "New York Freeman." About a year later, Mr. Fortune found that the work of editing a journal and also looking after its business interests was too much for him, so Mr. Jerome B. Peterson became a partner in the business, which is still carried on under the firm name of Fortune & Peterson. The name of the paper was changed to the "New York Age," which name it has since retained. Mr. Peterson is an excellent business man, and he has so conducted the business end of "The Age" that it has become one of the best paying newspaper properties in the country.

T. Thomas Fortune was the first to suggest the Afro-American League, an organization in the interest of the race. This he advocated for several years, with the result that a number of local leagues were formed. In 1890 a national convention was called, and in response to this call, representative men of the race from all parts of the country met in Chicago in January of that year, and as a result of their deliberations, the Na-

tional Afro-American League was born. Mr. Fortune was elected permanent chairman.

Mr. Fortune was defeated for the presidency of the League in 1890, but was elected President at the Knoxville meeting in 1892. By reason of the lack of interest among those who should have supported it, the League was a failure. In 1896 and 1897 there was a movement started for the purpose of reviving the League, which culminated in its re-organization under the name of the National Afro-American Council at Rochester, N. Y., in August, 1898. Mr. Fortune was elected president, but declined the honor, and Bishop Alexander Walters was given the place and Mr. Fortune elected chairman of the executive committee, to which office he has been re-elected four successive terms.

The reconstructed organization has shown great vigor, and is doing good work in the interests of the race.

Mr. Fortune was elected chairman of the executive committee of the National Afro-American Press Association at Indianapolis in 1890 and elected Secretary of the Association at the Philadelphia meeting in 1901.

The National Afro-American Business League was the outcome of a conversation between Booker T. Washington and Mr. Fortune, who was elected chairman of the executive committee at the first meeting at Boston in August, 1900, and was re-elected at Chicago in 1901. When the police riots broke out in New York in 1900, the citizens of New York organized a protective union, and in the absence of Mr. Fortune, elected him chairman, which position, in his absence, they had continued to confer upon him.

In the presidential campaign of 1900, Mr. Fortune was assistant in charge of a bureau at the Republican headquarters

at Chicago, and while making a few speeches in Chicago, he also spoke in many places in Missouri, and spent some time sizing up the situation in Indiana. Mr. Fortune's work was highly complimented by the campaign managers.

In addition to the exacting work of editing the "Age," Mr. Fortune has maintained his position as a writer on general subjects for the press of the country, and he has an open sesame to the best journals of the land. Mr. Fortune is the author of several books, "Black and White" and "The Negro in Politics" being the most notable.

The most beautiful trait in the character of T. Thomas Fortune is his unwavering fidelity to the interests of the race, of whose rights he has ever been a fearless defender. He has always placed the interests of the race above any and all political considerations. He has never shown any fear of the ill-will of the unthinking masses, who have sometimes opposed him, but has always advocated those measures which he believed would help the Afro-American people onward and upward.

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The following letters, which will be found to be of general interest, are self-explanatory:

Maple Hall,
Red Bank, N. J., March 28, 1904.
Mr William H. Steward, First Vice-President National Afro-American Council, Louisville, Ky.

My Dear Sir:—I herewith tender my resignation as President of the National Afro-American Council. I am gratified in doing so, to know that the high office could fall into no worthier hands than your own.

Through my efforts, assisted by de-

voted men and women, the Council was organized at Chicago, Jan. 15, 1890, and was re-organized at Rochester, N. Y., in 1898, but from the beginning the organization has been kept in existence, and its devoted officers have done what they could, with small response from the masses of the race, to stem the fearful tide of civil and political and material degradation of the race to a condition of pariahs in the citizenship of the Republic. I have grown old and impoverished in the long struggle, and I must now take heed of my age and precarious health, to devote my time and energies to repairing my personal fortunes in the interest of my immediate family.

I have an abiding faith that right and justice will prevail in the end, and if I had the health and the money and the youth to continue the struggle—with the deadly apathy of the mass of the race and the malignant antagonism and vituperation of many thoughtful men of the race—to combat, I should continue to fight on to the end; but I have neither the health, money nor youth at my disposal, and I relinquish the herculean labor to others, who may easily prove more devoted and successful in the work than I have done.

To the loyal men and women who have labored with me in the work of the organization, those who are dead and those who are living, my heart will always cling with deep affection. None braver or more self-sacrificing ever labored for the welfare of a race which did not respond to their courage and sacrifice.

In my own way I shall continue to labor, as in the past, for the highest aspirations of the race, for nobler manhood, and for perfect equality of citizenship of all men.

Yours sincerely,
T. Thomas Fortune.

Maple Hall,
Red Bank, N. J., March 28, 1904.
Hon. Cyrus Field Adams, President of
the National Afro-American Press
Association, Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:—I herewith tender my
resignation from the position of chair-
man of the Executive Committee of the
National Afro-American Press Associa-
tion.

I have been a member of the Associa-
tion for some twenty years, and I have
held all the positions in the gift of the
members of the Association. I have
sought always to strengthen the Associa-
tion and to extend its usefulness, and I
shall continue to be deeply interested in
its well-being.

My personal and official relations with
you have been, for many years, helpful
and pleasant, and I trust that our per-
sonal relations may continue such to the
end.

Yours sincerely,

T. Thomas Fortune.

* * * *

In the bright galaxy of young musi-
cians whose genius has impressed the
popular mind, none shines with more re-
splendent glory than Mr. Clarence C.
White. Accomplished, yet modest; ap-
preciated, yet striving for betterment;
honored, yet losing none of painstaking
earnestness, Mr. White has won an en-
during place in the annals of the arena
of melody. From early youth he mani-
fested a keen desire for music, and after
a period of preliminary training in Wash-
ington, he entered the famous Conser-
vatory of Music at Oberlin, where he
at once took high rank. During the
past few years Mr. White has appeared
in many of the metropolitan cities of the
country, including Chicago, Cleveland,
Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Indian-
apolis, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Balti-
more, Louisville, Nashville, etc. At
each point he has met with a warm re-

ception. A marked triumph was his ap-
pearance at a grand concert at Carnegie
Music Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., being the
first colored artist to be invited before
the cultured audiences that attend that
magnificent temple.

Just before his return to Oberlin Mr.
White was honored by an invitation to
play for President McKinley and a few
of his friends at the White House. The
"American" has the following to say of
the occurrence: "At the invitation of
President McKinley, Mr. Clarence C.
White recently enjoyed the unique dis-
tinction of playing for the President of
the United States and a few callers at
the White House. To those who have
heard him it will be no surprise to know
that he elicited the warmest praise from
his distinguished auditors by the skill
with which he exploited his art."

The "Louisville Times" says of this
remarkable young man: "A Colored Ku-
belik.—Clarence Cameron White is a
remarkable young artist. A few people
who were invited to hear him play pri-
vately at Smith & Nixon's were aston-
ished to see and hear the young fellow
do serious work in truly artistic fashion.
Mr. White gave several familiar violin
numbers, and one not so familiar, a
'Gypsy Song' by Coleridge-Taylor, the
Anglo-African composer. The familiar
pieces he gave were 'The Swan,' (Saint-
Saers); 'Serenade,' (Pierni); 'Traumerei,'
(Schumann); and the Ries 'Adagic.' In
none of these was he called upon to dis-
play any particular technical dexterity,
but 'The Swan' was played with beauti-
ful delicacy, and the 'Traumerei' with
appealing tenderness. In the 'Adagio'
he appeared to good advantage, too. He
wields his bow with charming grace, and
coaxes a fine, round and silky tone from
his instrument. The young artist is a
native of Washington. He has a de-
meanor winning in its modesty."



CLARENCE CAMERON WHITE,
Washington, D. C.
"America's Foremost Colored Violinist."
See Page 372.

DR. GORDON FORMALLY INSTALLED AS HEAD OF
HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

(From 'The Washington Evening Post.')

Men of national prominence, representative of the executive and legislative branches of the national government and of the District of Columbia; educators, representing prominent institutions; judges of the higher courts, the leaders of organized labor, lawyers, doctors, and a host of other professional men gathered in the First Congregational Church, at 10th and G Streets Northwest, last evening, in attendance upon the conclud-

ing exercises incident to the inauguration of Rev. John Gordon, formerly president of Tabor College, Iowa, as president of Howard University of this city. The presence of so many distinguished men was a signal tribute to Howard University and its new president.

The auditorium of the church edifice was well filled with the representative residents, and the student body of the

institution occupied the galleries, which were filled to their utmost capacity.

Seats on the platform were occupied by Representatives Burkett of Nebraska and Dalzell of Pennsylvania; Mr. Henry B. F. Macfarland, President of the Board of District Commissioners; Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor; Justices Pritchard and Anderson of the District Supreme Court; Justice Peele of the Court of Claims; Gen. H. V. Boynton of the Board of Education of the District; Admiral Watson of the United States Navy; Mr. William V. Cox, President of the Board of Trade; President Galludet of Galludet College; Prof. Lacey of the Iowa College, Iowa; Dr. Mayor of Boston, Mass.; President Crogman of the Clark University of Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. B. H. Warner, William V. Dunnell, Dr. Francis H. Smith, Gen. George W. Balloch, Rev. F. J. Grimke, Bishop Benjamin W. Tanner, J. H. Merriweather, Ellis Roberts, United States Treasurer, and others, including the deans of the various departments and the members of the faculty of Howard University.

President Roosevelt's Greetings.

It had been expected that President Roosevelt would be in attendance. Pressure of business prevented his attendance, however, and he expressed his regrets in a letter received by Dr. Teunis Hamlin, President of the Board of Trustees of the institution, which was read from the platform. The letter of President Roosevelt follows:

"Permit me to extend to President Gordon and to Howard University my congratulations on this occasion. I wish I could be with you in person, for I appreciate to the full all the work that Howard University has done for the education and uplifting of our colored

fellow-Americans, whose struggle for spiritual and intellectual development is of necessity so difficult and often so painful."

Letters of regrets for their absence and congratulating President Gordon upon his inauguration were also received from Senators Hoar, Allison and Millard, Admiral Dewey and Gen. Oliver Q. Howard, founder of the university, and Booker T. Washington.

Dr. Hale's Address.

The exercises proper were opened with the rendition of several musical selections by the United States Marine Band. The invocation by Rev. Oscar J. W. Scott and a serenade, "Roccoco," by the band were followed by the address of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate. Dr. Hale based his remarks upon a personal interpretation of the meaning of "a liberal education" as used by John Adams. In his opinion a liberal education means more than mere instruction. Instruction, he said, is only a foundation for education.

"In our time for the young American there are five great duties as he enters upon life and takes the privilege and duty of the ballot," said Dr. Hale. They are these:

"This century is to build the four-track railroad from Hudson's bay in the north to Patagonia in the south.

"Second, Europe has to build such a railroad from the Baltic to the Pacific.

"It has to build such a railroad from Cairo to the Cape.

"And, returning to our own continent, the young American has upon him the great duty of conciliating the great races of mankind, black, white, red, yellow, and any other color, if there be any other color.

"Young America shares with all the

world the duty of bringing universal peace. Universal peace reigned in all the world from the time of Paul, two hundred years. It is the duty of this century to restore it.

"Perhaps men do not remember that the preparation for these duties involves an education wholly beyond the instructions of the three R's which are the specialties of the common schools. It is absolute necessity, following on that instruction: 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

The Well-Trained Men.

"To speak of the foundation of the whole matter, we are in this world to be fellow-workers with God. He creates, He bids us create. The broader the preparation the more service he will render. The great advances of the century have been won by well-trained men, not that people pick up gold repeating watches in a heap of pebbles in Sahara.

"I will not be tempted into the well-tilled field where men discuss the value of Greek or logic. But I shall speak simply as to what this nation wants, and what God wants it to have. It wants the leadership of men who believe in the year 1904 more than they believe in the year 1178; the leadership of men who care more for the copper of Lake Superior, for the iron of Birmingham, for the sugar cane of a Cuban plantation than they care for the second Lateran council or a battle of Tiberius. This age does not want, however, that these leaders shall be rule-of-thumb men. It does not want that they shall stumble upon these discoveries. No. For it does not choose to be ruined by their failures."

A little learning, in the opinion of Dr. Hale, is dangerous. A man or woman's training should be complete. European countries take a different view of the problem of education. They believe

that a public education means the development of muscle and strength. The university, he continued, is to change a boy or a girl into a man or woman. The state is bound to provide opportunity for every child of the land to receive education.

Less Battle Ships, More Education.

Dr. Hale discussed science as applied to industries. In concluding he said the government had been lavish in instruction, and that as the foundation is now perfect, Congress should provide for the further education of the people, and build on the foundation.

"The people," he said in closing, "ought to compel Congress—our servant, for it is a servant to the people—to build one battleship less a year, and distribute the ten millions of dollars which is expended for such ships to the District of Columbia and the states of the Union which are most in need of greater educational facilities."

The address of Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, President of the Board of Trustees of the University, who presided, was in the nature of a review of the history of the institution, and was very brief. He noted that the university was chartered March 2, 1867. Its scope, he said, took a wide range, debarring none, and expressed the opinion that the school has an important mission in connection with our new island possessions. At the conclusion of his remarks Dr. Hamlin, with the audience standing, presented the charter and keys of the university to the new president of the university.

The Inaugural Address.

Dr. Gordon replied in an eloquent manner to the remarks of the speakers, and discoursed at length upon the education of the Negro race. He said, in part:

"In accepting this trust, which the

President of the Board of Trustees has so gracefully placed in my hands, I must express my appreciation of the honor done me. You have placed in my hands the keys of Howard University, which were carried, in turn, by the Rev. Charles B. Boynton, D.D.; the Rev. Byron Sunderland, D.D.; that soldierly founder of schools and colleges, Gen. Oliver O. Howard; Edward P. Smith; that able executive, Dr. William W. Patton, and that graceful scholar and poet, Dr. Jeremiah Eames Rankin, my predecessors, men all notable for faith and achievement.

"There have been only two logical positions as to the relation of the Negro and learning. One was that which prevailed so long in so many states, and which made it unlawful to teach him even the alphabet. If that was what was wanted, it was a good law and could be executed. But, if not, and the schoolmaster be allowed to teach him the alphabet, you cannot stop a man at any line you may draw. If you do not want him to go to the limit, forbid the alphabet. Give him the alphabet, and those twenty-six magic characters will unite, and re-unite, in more and more complicated combinations, until from them shall have proceeded the whole of human knowledge. I do not know that there is any special potency in A, and yet there is, for A means also B, and A, B, C involves, before one can stop, X, Y, Z.

Howard University's Constituency.

"The constituency to which Howard addresses itself is not an entire race. It is the exceptional members, the fraction of the race—those who are capable of receiving the higher education, those who are to be its group leaders. I care not what the century, nor what the country, nor what the race, cited as an illustration. Everywhere, always and among

all men, peoples have risen not because the submerged masses, the millions were lifted bodily by regenerating forces exerted either from without or from within, for no nation has ever been rich enough, or powerful enough, to educate and raise its working class as a whole, but because there came in it one or more or all of these classes, preachers, poets, statesmen, generals, admirals, lawyers, physicians, teachers, editors, scientists, captains of industry, merchant princes, master mechanics, labor leaders, composing together a fractional part of the whole mass, which then raised the submerged remainder.

"It is to produce these leaders who will themselves dig their race out of the slough of despond that Howard exists. For this is indisputable, that to meet the cases of those who have ability, there should be opportunity for them to go as far as they are capable of going. That there will be an increasing necessity for a university for these no one who has studied the situation doubts."

There were brief addresses by members of Howard University faculty and by Dr. Croghan, President of Clark University. The election of Dr. Gordon to the presidency of the university occurred in March last, but he was unable to come to Washington until in September, when he took charge. Dr. Hamlin was meanwhile the head of the institution. The inauguration ceremonies were necessarily delayed until yesterday.



PALATIAL NEW HENRY F. MILLER WAREROOMS IN BOSTON FORMALLY OPENED.

The Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Co. gave an informal opening of their new warerooms, No. 387-397 Boylston Street, displaying a handsome line of Henry Miller pianos, together with sev-

eral Pease, Brambach and Francis Connor pianos.

The new building is undoubtedly one of the finest equipped for the conduct of a high-class retail piano trade now existing in this section of the country. The scheme of dividing the building into parlors has been carried out in a unique and altogether desirable manner, more than ordinary attention being given to separating the rooms so that piano-playing in one will not disturb customers in another. To this end the partition walls have been made as near sound-proof as possible, and in all cases where it is possible corridors have been placed between the rooms.

One of the features of the building is the large hall on the second floor to be used for the display of Henry F. Miller grand pianos. In this room the climax in the artistic decoration of the walls and ceiling, to which the building is treated throughout, is reached. The walls here are beautifully paneled in cherry, and the electric lights are arranged in large and small circles in the ceiling. The hall is the largest room in the building and can be used for recital purposes to excellent advantage.

To facilitate its use for recitals it is provided with an opening to a corridor which is connected directly with the stairway leading to the street. It is thus possible to give a recital in this hall, or in the Cecilian rooms on the same floor at the front of the building, without disturbing the regular business in the slightest. The heavy curtains and portieres at the windows of the hall make it possible to shut out the daylight, and to use artificial light for matinees if desirable.

A unique contrivance is used for operating the passenger elevator, which, together with the freight elevator (large enough to accommodate three grand pianos at once), occupies a fireproof

shaft at the rear of the building. The passenger is his own elevator man. By pressing a button on any floor, the elevator, if not in use, will respond and rise or drop to that floor. While the elevator is in motion all of the doors are locked, but when it reaches the floor from which the call comes, that door unlocks automatically. Once inside the elevator, the passenger presses a button indicating the floor he wishes to reach, and the elevator rises or drops to that floor and stops automatically. By the manipulation of another button the elevator may be stopped at any point without regard to the button originally pressed calling for a certain floor.

The building has a frontage on Boylston Street of sixty-three feet, and a depth of one hundred, extending to a public alley in the rear. The sidewalk in front of the building is fifty feet in width. The building is of brick, and of practically fireproof construction. On each floor are fifty feet of hose connected with high pressure water service; fire pails and extinguishers are to be found on each floor, and the insurance rate is thus reduced to a minimum.

There are three floors and basement, containing about 25,000 square feet of floor space.

One of the attractive rooms on the second floor of the building is devoted to the private use of President Henry F. Miller. Within reach from Mr. Miller's desk are three telephones, the long distance one connecting with eight different departments in the building, and a private line to the bookkeeper's desk direct.

The Cecilian department is located on the second floor at the front of the building. Two large parlors are devoted to the display and sale of the player, and between the rooms is the library occupying a space as large as either of the parlors.

From the street there are two entrances to the building, one leading direct to the second floor, and the other to the foyer on the first floor. There is also a short stairway leading from the foyer to the stairway from the street to the second floor.

The show windows on the first floor are deep and low, and furnish every possible means for displaying the Miller product. The windows are surrounded with electric lights, and in fact the entire front of the building is illuminated in the evening, hundreds of incandescent lights having been used in decorating the windows, inside and outside.

The large foyer on the first floor furnishes an excellent opportunity for showing pianos. Midway to the rear on one side of the building are the book-keeping offices, and a small private office. On the other side, with a corridor separating, are the long distance telephone booth, connecting in the same booth with the private building telephone system; the private office of William T. Miller, the desks of the salesmen and a small parlor wareroom. At the rear of the offices are two parlor warerooms separated from the offices by a corridor,

and at one side of these is a small corporation office.

The basement is well lighted, ventilated, and appropriately decorated, and the front part is used for a wareroom. In the rear is the shipping department. The heating apparatus, consisting of two large boilers, which may be used singly or together, is located in a fireproof room at one side of the basement. A fireproof vault is also constructed in the same room.

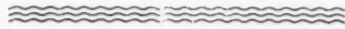
On the top floor is the repair department, finishing, etc. A lathe and grindstone are operated by a small electric motor. Large varnish, tuning and locker rooms, the latter for the use of the men employed in this department, are located on this floor.

Not only is the Miller building complete from the utility standpoint, but it is possessed of an artistic completeness which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Business will be carried on at the old warerooms, No. 88 Boylston Street, as before, and until such time as the Miller lease shall expire or the wareroom be rented to some other concern.



TESTIMONIALS OF FRIENDSHIP FROM INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE OF ALL SECTIONS.



5250 Cedar Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

March 27, 1904.

Dear Madam:—My brother, John C. Freund of New York, has sent me a copy of "The Colored American Magazine" containing an address which he gave in Boston for your cause. The magazine very much interested me, and I enclose \$1 as a subscription to the same. I forwarded my copy to a respectable colored janitor in this city, who seemed much pleased at seeing it. I am very glad to find my brother interested in your work, and will be pleased to keep in touch with it myself.

Wishing you much success, I remain
Yours very truly,

Gertrude Eyles.

February 27, 1904.

Colored Co-Operative Publishing Co.:
My attention has been called to your magazine through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Robert Mitchell Floyd, who loaned me several numbers.

I was much impressed with the quality of the articles, also the information of the publication, and would like to be numbered among your subscribers. Enclosed find subscription for one year. Address Mrs. J. G. Cooper, Hotel Carlton, Boylston St., Boston.

March 31, 1904.

Col. Wm. H. Dupree, 82 W. Concord St.,
Boston, Mass.:

Dear Friend—Your April edition of "The Colored American Magazine" at hand this day.

The fourth letter of Mr. John C.

Freund in his "A Trip to Paradise" telling in a most pleasing manner of the life, customs and country of Jamaica, with its inhabitants, is alone worth more than the subscription.

It was my pleasure to meet Mr. Brown of the True Reformers in 1896, and inspect the bank at Richmond, in company with Mrs. Allston. It is refreshing to recall again that pleasant occasion, as I read and viewed the photograph of which your April number presents a very true and life-like reproduction.

It is a stimulant to any aspiring people to gain such an education as this edition presents. With best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

Philip J. Allston.

Hartford, Conn., March 20, 1904.

Pauline E. Hopkins:

Dear Friend—Permit me to congratulate you on the March issue of your magazine. To begin with, the cover is admirable and the contents match the cover.

In Mr. Freund you have discovered a noble champion, a trustworthy leader in the cause of humanity. Please send me his address that I may thank him for every word of his late utterance at your dinner. The problem is to get people to read this number of your magazine and subscribe for it. Somebody ought to get Governor Vardaman to do this, and every decent newspaper in the land ought to lend a hand in its circulation.

I am already a subscriber, but if you will send me some extra copies wrapped for mailing, I will try to add to your

list. If I had a thousand dollars to spare I would spend it in this way.

I am faithfully yours,
Isabella Beecher Hooker.

March 14, 1904.

Mr. John C. Freund:

My Dear Mr. Freund—I have looked through the "Colored American Magazine," and I think it is a good project, which should help the colored man to a higher position in life, and perhaps help him along in places where he now stumbles in the dark.

I think your article on "A Trip to Paradise" is a very nice thing.

I enclose you \$5.00, with a list of names to be entered for "The Colored American Magazine" which will help things a little bit. Very much obliged to you for giving me a chance to help out the colored race.

Yours truly,
Frank Squier.

Hotel Carlton, Boston, Feb. 8, 1904.

My Dear Miss Hopkins—Through our friend, Mr. John C. Freund, of New York, we have heard of your work on your magazine. If quite agreeable to you, I would like to call, with my friend Miss Snelling, and have the pleasure of meeting you personally. Send magazines to

Mrs. Robert M. Floyd, Hotel Carlton, Boston, Mass.

Miss Caroline Snelling, 1078 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Mr. W. H. Johnson, 18 Sumner St., Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Wm. McIntosh, care Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Elvira Floyd Froemcke, Montreal, Canada.

Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Robert Mitchell Floyd.

Boston, March 26, 1904.

Mr. Wm. H. Dupree,

Dear Friend—I went to see my friend, Major Jones, on Saturday morning to see how he liked the magazine. I asked him to influence his wealthy friends. He gave me a check for five dollars, payable to your treasurer, and said I could select five friends of mine and send them the magazine for 1904, beginning with the March issue. He spoke very highly of the magazine. Trusting you are well, I remain,

Truly yours,
Edward E. Brown.

Mr. Helfer, of Harlem, one of New York's most influential lawyers, forwarded to the office of "The Colored American Magazine" ten subscribers: Mr. Seaman Lichtenstein, Mr. Wm. F. Montrose, Mr. Albert C. Small, Mr. John H. Todd, Mr. Wm. J. Ticknor, Mr. Wm. H. Mayorga, Mr. Hiram Woodruff, Mr. Lester A. Woodruff, Mr. A. J. Woodruff, Mr. H. W. Helfer. Subscription of Dr. Ward Bryant Hoag was also received.

Mr. W. H. Dupree—Allow me to congratulate the magazine upon the general excellent appearance of the April number, and to express my humble approval of your series of articles by distinguished men on the Industrial question. I think there are many vital questions which might be treated in the same way to the advantage of the magazine and its readers.

With best wishes for the success of the magazine and congratulations for its new-found friend, I am,

Very truly,
(Mrs.) Florida Ruffin Ridley.

Jackson, Miss., March 20, 1904.
The Colored Co-Operative Publishing
Co., Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sirs—Having read with interest
"The Colored American Magazine,"
published by you, my attention was es-
pecially called to the fact that the pub-
lishers had striven nobly to keep such
a valuable magazine alive up to this
time.

Feeling that such a periodical is and
will be a blessing to the race with which
I am identified, I desire to help the most
worthy work along by freely offering to
you my service as a local agent for your
magazine, if you desire.

Hardly deeming the furnishing of
reference to be necessary, as I can refer
you to The African League, published
in Africa, and there you will find me to
be Secretary of the African League Pub-
lishing Co., also general agent in the
United States for the above-named pa-
per. I desire also to be among the
members of the Colored American
League.

I sincerely hope you will be successful
in your undertaking, and that the maga-
zine may enter the homes of both races.

Yours truly,
E. W. Crane.

Letter from Mr. John F. Stratton, the
distinguished violin maker, and one of
the oldest men in the musical industries
in this country:

Brooklyn, N. Y.

My Dear Mr. Freund—Have just read
your great speech—that is just what it
is—and the articles, with much pleasure,
in the March number of "The Colored
American Magazine." I agree with you
in all you say. Enclosed find my little
one dollar subscription for the Maga-
zine, which I hope and believe, will meet
with great success.

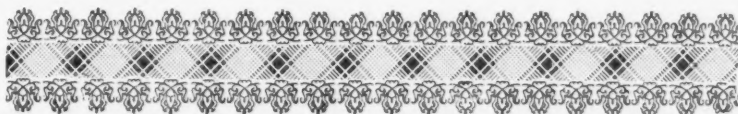
Truly yours,
John F. Stratton.

Mme. Nellie Brown Mitchell and
Mrs. Mattie A. McAdoo, of Boston,
have put forth great efforts to help the
Magazine in its struggles. Both ladies
have sent in long lists of subscribers,
whose names will be published in our
June number.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 4, 1904.
Miss Pauline E. Hopkins:

My Very Dear Madam—Keeping my
word, I would say that my employer,
Mr. Julian Hawthorne, has just confided
to me his willingness to do all in his
power for your Magazine, and was hap-
pily surprised at the literary ability dis-
played by the race, in his hasty review-
al of the same. You are free to open
correspondence with him at any time.
He is already acquainted with Mr.
Freund.

Yours for winning success,
Howard H. Smith.





THE SOUTHERN NEGRO OF TO-DAY.

What the nation desires to know about the Southern Negro is not how many votes he casts so much as whether he is bringing himself into such a position that he can discharge his social and personal duties as an American citizen. That involves voting with a proper understanding of what the franchise amounts to. We take up this point in the spirit of a social inquirer who is looking after representative facts, and we point out by object lessons in the pages of this issue that the Negro is advancing in a geometrical ratio to his earlier beginnings in the work of taking his place as an integral part of the forces which are reconstructing Southern society. What we have specially felt the need of in our study of the Southern Problem has been a knowledge of what the schools are doing. The influence of such schools as Hampton, Atlanta, and Tuskegee is felt all through the South in the stimulus given to industrial occupations. These schools are supplemented far and near by the denominational institutions and by a remarkable interest among the Negroes themselves, who are willing to make great sacrifices in order to educate their children in the local schools by adding to the state funds, and by denying themselves and putting forth extraordinary effort in order to obtain training in the more advanced colleges and academies. One fact is phenomenal. The students of Atlanta University pay thirty-four per cent. of the expenses of Harvard University which

are paid by tuition fees. The difference between the two classes of students is in favor of the colored youth; for they pay their own fees by personal labor and self-sacrifices, while the Harvard tuition fees are mostly paid by parents and guardians. Another instance shows what some colored mothers are doing. Two girls were recently graduated from Atlanta University, whose mother had been washing several years to keep them in school. She came up to see them graduate, and one who was present says, "She was one of the happiest mothers I ever saw." These people remind us of what our own forefathers did in the earlier days of New England, in order to gain the advantage that has made this part of the country the nursery of strong and useful men and women.

Education ought to do something to change social conditions, and, conversely, social conditions ought to influence the work of education. The Southern Negro is finding out that the best thing for him is to be a peasant proprietor of the soil, and to escape from the bondage of debt. The Negro began with this system of commercial oppression, and in the Black Belt it is his greatest trial, but he is slowly emerging from this kind of bondage, and the aggregate accumulations of the Negroes are believed to be greatly in excess of what are reported. Then he is gradually getting the mastery of the entire social system of the South, so far as his own people are concerned. He is specializing industries. He is finding his way into all the

trades, as well as into all the professions. The Negro woman is only a little behind the Negro man in this respect, and the Negro "schoolmarm" at the South is already an important factor in education.

The majority of persons who have made their mark in life, who have advanced step by step, and have reached the pinnacle of success, are those who have always been quick to decide, those who, instead of waiting to ask the advice of others regarding any enterprise, or speculation, have used their own good judgment and fired straight ahead. Parents should teach their children to decide quickly, and avoid procrastination, to be brave and self-reliant. It is the determined, persistent worker who, despite disappointment and rebuffs, persistently keeps his shoulder to the wheel, whose labor is rewarded by unbounded success.

Young man, when you are about to enter any profession, or engage in any business, just ask yourself, is it right and honest? If your conscience answers in the affirmative, all right, go ahead. Do your very best, seek to excel; no matter what your work is, do it thoroughly and conscientiously. Always be polite, willing, and cheerful to every person you meet. Speak the truth under all circumstances. Denounce deceit with all your might. Stand boldly up for truth and right.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

We implore the white men of the North and the white men of the South to deal with the Negro question soberly, tenderly, discerningly; and throw their strong arms about the Negro, and protect and counsel him, and be his elder brother, and help him get education.

and pour soothing oil into his wounds, and work hand in hand with him, and employ him, and put him on his feet, and teach him that he is a man. Once the South and the North do this, light will fall upon the Negro Problem, and mankind will hail them and applaud them for their glorious achievement.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

We desire to announce to the clergy and our agents in all sections, that our Miss Hopkins will present the Colored American Magazine personally to our patrons during the summer months in a series of public meetings. Correspondence along this line is desired.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Mrs. H. H. Wallace of 49 Central St., Providence, R. I., has been duly appointed from this office as General Agent for the State of Rhode Island.

Mr. John W. Evans, 104 12th St., Portsmouth, O., is agent for that city.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

All patrons are notified by The Colored Co-Operative Publishing Company, officially, that H. H. Paige is travelling over the country representing himself as authorized agent for "The Colored American Magazine." Mr. Paige is NOT an agent of this company, and money paid to him is at the payer's risk. Our patrons are duly WARNED AGAINST H. H. PAIGE.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

"The Colored American Magazine" is the GREATEST of all race publications. One Dollar a Year and Ten Cents a single copy.

BRANCH OFFICES OF

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1904.

GREATER NEW YORK—45 Park Place, N. Y. City. N. Barnett Dodson, General Agent.
GREATER NEW YORK—67 Troy Ave., Brooklyn. Mrs. E. E. Gray, Assistant General Agent.
PITTSBURG, PA.—J. W. Lewis, 1316 Wylie Ave., General Agent for Allegheny County.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—1929 Market St. N. H. Wright, General Agent.
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CLEVELAND, OHIO—17 Shelburne St. I. E. Oliver, General Agent.
TRINIDAD, B. W. I.—Edgar McCarthy, General Agent.

Following is a list of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE agents as far as appointed arranged by States. We shall add to the same from month to month.

ALABAMA.

Selma—James Greenfield, 305 Franklin St.

ARKANSAS.

Little Rock—J. F. Cosbe, 1110 Victory St.
Little Rock—F. B. Coffin.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco—Miss L. A. Dean, 717 Bush St.

COLORADO.

Denver—Jas. E. Porter, Jr., 1919 Clarkson St.

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Hartford—Adkins & Williams, 209 Pearl St.
New Haven—Miss M. Jones, 65 Edgewood Av.
Stanford—Mrs. Elizabeth Scott.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington—G. B. Anderson, 1505 S. St., N. W.
Washington—S. W. Rutherford, 609 F St., N. W.

GEORGIA.

Augusta—Miss Susan M. Yerley, The Hill.
Macon—J. H. Walker, 380 Monroe St.
Savannah—John W. Armstrong, 13 Bull St.
Savannah—Chester A. Miles, Box 383.

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Chicago—R. E. Turner, 423 Madison St.
Peoria—Henry C. Gibson, 307 Flora Ave.
Springfield—E. L. Rogers, 716 1-2 E. Wash. St.

INDIANA.

Marion—A. L. Weaver, 1209 S. Gallatin St.

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Fort Madison—Lulu M. Williams, 1026 2d St.
Des Moines—R. E. Patten.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green—W. G. Edwards, 502 College St.
Lexington—G. W. Neighbors, 110 N. Broadway.
Louisville—Mrs. W. Nolan King, 1039 3d St.
Louisville—Charles F. Hunter, 102 E. Green St.
Louisville—L. H. Shaefer, 1533 Gallagher St.
Paducah—Irvin Clark.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans—R. A. Rogers, 2407 Josephine St.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore—W. H. Jackson, 2426 Belmont Ave.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro—A. A. Taylor, Box 351.
Lynn—George Makkers, 9 Collins Ct.
New Bedford—Mary A. Jones, 308 Middle St.
N. Cambridge—W. A. Hopkins, 53 Clifton St.

MICHIGAN.

Ann Arbor—Samuel Barrett.
Detroit—Mrs. Blackburn, 152 Wilkins St.

MISSOURI.

Jackson—O. O. Nance.

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Jersey City—Rev. W. E. Griffin, 345 Johnson Av.
Jersey City—H. L. Curtis, 68 Ege Ave.
Newark—Rev. I. B. Tembrook, 115 Halsey St.
New Brunswick—J. H. Thomas, 143 Church St.
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Flushing—C. T. Smith, 10 N. Prince St.
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New York—R. H. Smith, 197 E. 134th St.
Nyack—Miss Mei McKenny, 10 Catherine St.
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Syracuse—Blanche A. Patterson, 828 S. State St.
Tarrytown—John Lassiter, 9 S. Washington St.
Troy—George B. Kelley, 1636 Sixth Av.
White Plains—Miss L. A. Rogers, 12 Fisher Av.

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Wilmington—W. H. Moore, 14 Grace St.

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Beaufort—W. Hercules Wright.

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